

TOGO HOLDS SWAY IN TOKIO TOWN.

Togo Takes His Fleet

in Port Arthur Having Accomplished the Destruction

All of Russian Squadron.

Imperial Rescript Praises Japanese on Battles for Their Bravery and Loyal Performance of the Duties Required of Them.

Nogi Takes Another Height.

Dec. 24.—Admiral Togo on the withdrawal of the major fleet from Port Arthur.

Dec. 24.—10:45 a. m.—An imperial rescript despatched to Vice Admiral Togo.

With great satisfaction the emperor has learned of the gallant and successful performance of the duties required of him in so doing that he has been able to brave the storms and shells by day.

He has also noted the difficulties confronting him and finally with the valuable support of the besieging army succeeded in crushing nearly all the enemy's squadron.

Our second squadron so heavily damaged the Vladivostok squadron that it has been unable to leave port. All this success is gratefully attributed to the brilliant virtue of our emperor.

"During the blockade all the ships under my command splendidly accomplished the work and duty assigned to them. Especially to be noted are some of those who were engaged in the difficult and risky task of blockading or who tirelessly accomplished the work of laying mines in the presence of the enemy, others who braving all dangers were engaged in the work of clearing mines away and others still who were posted to watch the enemy and guard against the enemy's ships. Their combined work strongly contributed to the accomplishment of the blockade."

"I deem it my duty to especially mention my recognition of the valuable service rendered by the officers and men."

Bulletin—Tokio, Dec. 24.—The Japanese forces besieging Port Arthur yesterday stormed and now hold the heights east of Houyangshukou.

Prisoners captured by the Japanese report that the Russian general Kornilov and another general officer whose name is not known, have been killed and that General Fock is among the wounded.

Tokio, Dec. 24.—A despatch from the Japanese army before Port Arthur timed midnight says:

"On December 22 the Russian defense works on the heights east of Houyangshukou, Sungshy mountain, Tihlung mountain and the 'H' forts were bombarded by the Japanese with heavy guns which inflicted considerable damage. As a result of the bombardment a detachment of the Japanese right wing at dawn December 23 attacked the enemy on the heights east of Houyangshukou and captured the bridge and heights at 7:40 in the morning."

"Afterwards the enemy concentrated his fire from several forts at Taiy-anakou and Yahutsui, on our newly occupied position following this with a determined counter attack during which hand grenades were thrown but our force finally repulsed the enemy. Later as the enemy's bombardment abated, we constructed some defensive works so that our occupation became more assured."

The circumstance our command has been removed as unnecessary blockade of Port Arthur had been maintained since May have arranged for a closer ships attempting to run the blockade and to watch the remnant enemy's squadron.

g the blockade we suffered enemy's mines both laid on the high seas and from the cruiser Miyako, Saito, Yoshino, battleships, Kaito, and Heien, coast defense, were sunk and many gallant officers and men were it we succeeded in maintaining blockade.

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SIOUX

City Has a Heavy Fire Loss.

Awoke the Day

Before Christmas to Find Best

Business Blocks Reduced to Ashes and Hundreds Out of Work.

One Man Killed by Jumping From Fourth Story of Burning Building. Most of Property Was Insured.

Sioux City, Iowa, Dec. 24.—Sioux City awoke the day before Christmas with two of its best business blocks in ashes, causing a loss which may reach two and a half millions, throwing hundreds of people out of employment and entailing the loss of one life.

The fire originated in the basement of the Pelletier dry goods company, at Fourth and Jackson streets, one of the main corners of the city. A strong wind was blowing from the west and the fire spread rapidly, finally destroying two of the blocks in the center of the city between Jackson street on the east, Pierce street on the west, Fourth street on the north and Third street on the south. Within this territory the only buildings saved were the Northwestern National Bank on Fourth and Pierce streets and Tribune building on Pierce street.

Many times the flames leaped across Fourth street and plate glass windows and stocks were damaged in other large stores.

Three hotels were burned—The West, Leader and Pullman. All the guests escaped in safety, however.

The man who was killed jumped from the fourth story window in the Massachusetts building, where the fire originated. He struck a wire and missed the net which was being held by the firemen. No body has been able to identify him. There was no other serious casualty.

Omaha, Council Bluffs and other nearby cities were asked for aid. They sent fire apparatus but the fire was under control when they arrived. It was not until three o'clock this morning that the flames were safely under control. The Western Union Telegraph company, whose plant was destroyed, established a temporary office at the Chicago & Northwestern depot.

Most of the property destroyed was reasonably well insured and the rebuilding of the burned structures will begin in most instances so soon as fire losses are adjusted.

The following additional detailed losses are reported today:

Selzer Brothers, liquor dealers, loss \$55,000, insurance \$23,000; Dow Clothing Company, loss \$65,000, insurance \$35,000. Other losses: Higman, Skinner & Co., boots and shoes, loss \$50,000; Weld Hardware Co., \$20,000; Davidson Brothers \$40,000 (correct); Jonathan Brown, Bolton Block, \$35,000; Commercial Block, \$20,000; Brown Clock Company, building, \$31,000; James Bothwell, building, \$23,000; Jno. Arosen, Clothing Company, stock, \$82,000; Gellene Hardware Company, \$23,000; Massachusetts Realty Company, Massachusetts Building \$200,000.

New York, Dec. 24.—An ingenious plan for robbing persons who had purchased expensive Christmas gifts from big jewelry houses in this city, the police say, was disclosed today by the arrest of Wm. Roseman, for the authorities of Atlantic City, W. J. Roseman is charged with grand larceny in connection with the theft of \$75,000 from a jewelry company at Atlantic City. According to the police, Roseman's plan was to loiter around the big jewelry stores and overhear a sale being made, take the names and address of the purchaser, lay in wait for the messenger and receipt for the package when delivery was made. He was held in \$10,000 bail for examination later.

Chicago, Dec. 24.—Four deaths in the Isolation Hospital today broke the record for the institution, and cast a chill over the Christmas festivities which had been planned for the sixty three small pox patients. One of the dead is a babe five days old, born in the institution. The mother also is among the dead.

Washington, Dec. 24.—Senator Fairbanks, vice president elect, exchanged with President Roosevelt today the greetings of the Christmas season. Senator Fairbanks will pass Christmas with his family in this city, but will leave tomorrow night for Indianapolis, where he expects to remain for several days.

Mahony City, Pa., Dec. 24.—The fire which broke out in Mahony Colliery last night is still burning fiercely. All of the employees are fighting the fire. It is feared that the mine will be totally destroyed.

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HARD FIGHT FOR THE PRISONER.

Brought No Success

And Charles F. Dodge, Alleged Perjuror Remained In Custody.

Attorneys at Police Station

Demand Admission While the Prisoner Was Being Subjected to "Third Degree Process" But Were Kept Out. District Attorney Jerome Resorted to Forcible Ejection.

New York, Dec. 24.—After a sensational all night session at police headquarters at which he is said to have made a full confession, Charles F. Dodge, the former husband of the wife of Charles W. Morse, the banker and principal promoter of the American Ice Co., today, was a prisoner at the Broadway Central Hotel, guarded by both federal and local authorities.

Dodge is charged with perjury in declaring that service had not been made on him in a suit by which his wife secured a divorce from him and which was followed by the sensational Morse-Dodge divorce case.

It was expected that Dodge would be taken into court at the earliest possible moment, the proceedings under which he is held by the federal authorities withdrawn and the prisoner be formally turned over to the custody of the New York county officials. While he was arrested by a United States marshal and sent to this city as a federal prisoner, this was done only to place him in the hands of the authorities in this state.

The arrival of Dodge in New York yesterday, followed one of the longest and most bitterly fought legal battles on record and was the real beginning of what, it is believed will develop into one of the most sensational cases the metropolis has ever seen.

That the efforts to protect Dodge are by no means at an end, was evinced by the manner in which his arrival was received yesterday. Even before the steamer bearing the prisoner had reached her dock, a process server forced his way into the presence of District Attorney Jerome with a paper, demanding the release of the prisoner. This officer was hustled unceremoniously from the office by Mr. Jerome, who, after refusing to accept the paper on the ground that Dodge was a federal prisoner and that he was not at that time in New York county, thrust the paper into the officers' pocket and seizing him by the coat collar, rushed him out through the door. Before going away, the process server tossed the paper back through the open door on the floor of the district attorney's office.

When the steamer arrived, several attorneys were on hand to represent the prisoner, but he was hurried to police headquarters where for many hours he was subjected to what the police call the third degree process. Representatives of the federal, county and city police took part in this long session, two attorneys, claiming to represent the prisoner, being denied admission even in the fact of most urgent protests. It was the attempt of lawyers claiming to represent Dodge that brought about the most sensational incident of the long night. Bartow S. Weeks and A. Hummel, two of New York's prominent criminal lawyers, appeared at police headquarters soon after Dodge arrived there in custody of the officers, and demanded to see the prisoner on

the ground that they had been retained to defend him. They met with little success, being informed by a stenographer who was sent out to meet them that it was not known that Dodge was their client and if so he was at that time in custody of the United States authorities. They declined to accept this answer as final, however, and Mr. Weeks made a formal demand in writing, addressed to an assistant district attorney known to be in the building, demanding that he be permitted to see his client. The note was returned with an endorsement stating that the assistant district attorney "extended the compliments of the season to Mr. Weeks."

A demand upon a police sergeant or service of a bench warrant for the arrest of Dodge was rejected by that officer with the excuse that he would have to see Mr. McAdoo first. Another appeal to the assistant district attorney brought the reply that Dodge had no desire to see the attorneys, that he had not retained them and that he was satisfied to be without counsel. Before giving up the struggle early this morning, Mr. Weeks said the proceeding was "worthy of Russia."

The attorney declared that they believed counsel was being withheld from Dodge against his will in hope that a statement might be drawn from him before he was arraigned in court.

At the conclusion of the conference at police headquarters, District Attorney Jerome said that Mr. Weeks and Mr. Hummel had been denied admission because Dodge has retained an Assistant District Attorney James Osborne as his attorney.

He said that Mr. Osborne had been at police headquarters since the arrival of Dodge and heard everything that had taken place.

Mr. Osborne and District Attorney Jerome called at the Broadway Central Hotel during the forenoon and had another lengthy conference with the prisoner.

RELEASED.

Dodge Is Supposed To Have Turned State's Evidence.

New York, Dec. 24.—There was a very unexpected turn to the case this afternoon when Dodge was released on his own recognizance after arraignment before Judge Cowling in the court of general sessions today.

Judge Cowling said after releasing Dodge that he could not make public his reason for doing so at this time. Dodge was released upon the recommendation of District Attorney Jerome who said that for reasons of a private nature the best interests of justice would be served by such action. It was reported that Dodge has turned state's evidence and that he will be a witness for the district attorney in proceedings against others for whom he is supposed to have acted as agent.

THE SITUATION IN MOROCCO IS GRAVE.

Bulletin—Paris, Dec. 24.—The foreign office considers the situation in Morocco extremely grave. The Sultan's dismissal of his French and other military advisers has been followed by a number of acts showing his intention to interrupt the execution of the French policy. Accordingly the French minister from the Moroccan capital of the French consul, commander and all the members of the military mission and all French citi-

zens unless the sultan vacates his previous offensive action and offers a satisfactory explanation. The French minister has been instructed to communicate this to the sultan at the same time he notifies the consul. Military or naval steps have not been taken as these await the sultan's response to the minister's demand but a demonstration in force will follow if a suitable explanation and reparation are not immediately given.

Washington, Dec. 24.—Considerable expectation has been aroused locally over a report that Senator Foraker is to be here next week for a conference with his lieutenants over the state. The rumor that Lieutenant Governor Harding will be asked to become a candidate against Governor Herrick is without substantial support.

Columbus, O., Dec. 24.—Former Congressman John J. Lentz has accepted an invitation to be the principal speaker at the Jackson Day banquet at Akron. Lentz strenuously repudiates the statement that he will be a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination.

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STORY OF HARDING FOR GOVERNOR REVIVED.

Do not Delay. Subscribe Now, and Get the Opening Chapters.

UNDER THE ROSE

WILL COMMENCE

DECEMBER 31st

WRITTEN BY

FREDERIC S.

ISHAM.

AUTHOR OF

THE

Strollers

IN

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UNDER THE ROSE.

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graph dispatches must be addressed,
THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT,
Lima, Ohio.

WEATHER.

Washington, Dec. 24.—For Ohio:
Snow in north, rain in south portion
tonight and Sunday; colder tonight in
southwest portion; brisk northeast
winds on the lake.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

What a beautiful thing it is, at this
season of the year, emblematic in
human customs of the nativity of the
Savior, that there should be "Peace
on Earth, Good Will to Men;" that
those who have been fortunate should
remember with gifts those of inferior
position; that the Christian people
throughout the world should mingle
their voices in sacred music, from au-
thors divinely inspired; that families
permeated with the spirit of Christ,
and love, should meet about the home
altar and with hearts and minds free
from enmity toward all mankind pre-
pare to enter the new year with
ennobling resolves to live better, and
to do more to make universal the
Brotherhood of Man.

It is right and proper that at Christ-
mas time we should also be merry.
Doing good, loving your fellows as
you do yourself and being at peace
with all does not necessitate a long,
serious face.

In Lima, the season should be one
of unusual prosperity. The year
drawing to a close has been one of
almost unalloyed prosperity. On Janu-
ary 1st, those of our people who
have lived right; who have been true
to their conscience and their God;
who have been honest with their fel-
lowmen, can balance their books with
that indescribable, elevating feeling
which comes only through peace of
soul and mind.

For Lima, the year to come bears
the advance impress of wonderful
material prosperity.

To some this will come more than
to others, but no matter how prodi-
gally riches fall into our laps, re-
member that unless we refrain from
becoming avaricious and greedy through
their touch, we must do good with
the shower of gold by helping the
maimed, the needy, the halt, the blind,
the less fortunate.

The publishers of the Times-Demo-
crat, with the year 1904 passing into
eternity, trust that during the twelve
months represented by that cycle of
time, they have neither by word or
deed merited the enmity of any man
in whatever they have said or done
politically or on other questions of
public import, they have been actuated
by what in their judgment they
sincerely believed to be for the great-
est good of the greatest number.

Doubtless our opinions have met
with disagreement, and adverse criti-
cism from some. That condition will
arise so long as the world stands, and
men live thereon. To such we extend
the hand of fellowship, in this time of
peace and of the year 1905, we
join with you in wishing the year 1905,
just as you wish, in an era of "Peace on
Earth, Good Will to Men," and a
twelve months, which will mark to
the growth of Lima in all ways, but
especially in the upbuilding of the
character of her people.

Lastly let us remember there is
nothing out of the way at Christmas
out of a consciousness of having done
our human duty that can bring to us
as individuals, and component parts
of a community, happiness and con-
tentment of mind.

That we may all discover that the
time realization during the new year
is the Times-Democrat's Christmas
gift to the people of Lima, and we
will be very happy.

Home Made

Have your cake, muffins, and tea bis-
cuit home-made. They will be fresher,
cleaner, more tasty and wholesome.

Royal Baking Powder helps the house
wife to produce at home, quickly and eco-
nomically, fine and tasty cake, the raised
hot-biscuit, puddings, the frosted layer-
cake, crisp cookies, crullers, crusts and
muffins, with which the ready-made food
found at the bake-shop or grocery does
not compare.

Royal is the greatest of bake-day helps.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

ODD CHINESE CUSTOM.

It is Etiquette to Belittle Oneself
and One's Services.

In China, as in Japan, custom re-
quires that one who has performed a
meritorious service should belittle it,
and one who has been selected for hon-
ors should declare himself unworthy.
Who can imagine an American office-
holder writing such a letter of accept-
ance as this, which the biographer of
Li Hung Chang quotes from Tseng
Kwo Fan, appointed viceroy of Nan-
kin:

"Being of no ability and having not-
withstanding been intrusted with the
most important duties, I have, as I
trotted along, failed to do anything
meritorious.
"When some years ago I went to
Shantung I did not succeed in subdu-
ing the Nienfei, but returned to Nan-
kin and was ever after ashamed of
myself. Last year I was graciously
nominated viceroy of Chili, but I
made unsuitable appointments, mis-
managed the army and failed to do any
good for the Yellow River. I tremble
as I think of my blunders, and in con-
sequence I am overwhelmed by the
gracious order which directs me to re-
sume my former important post and
thus displays your majesty's confidence
in me instead, as would be just, of
reprobating me for my worthlessness
and dismissing me."

As it happened, this was from one
of the most honest and best beloved
Chinese who ever governed Nankin
and was almost worshiped by the peo-
ple of the province.

THE WET TABLECLOTH.

It Puzzled the Ship's Passenger Until
It Was Explained.

The understeward in setting the table
poured a half glass of water on the
clean white cloth and placed a dish of
fruit on the puddle he had made. He
made another puddle and placed on it
the carafe. On a third puddle he placed
the butter dish, and so on.

"Why do you spoil the cloth with all
that water?" asked a passenger.

"Because the waiter's rough, sir,"
said the steward, and then, making an-
other puddle, he went on:

"We stewards on ocean liners must
not be merely good waiters—we must
be good wet weather waiters. And we
have a number of tricks.

"One of our tricks is to set the heavy
dishes upon wet spots. If we were to
set them on dry spots in the ordinary
way they would slide to and fro with
every lurch of the ship. But if the
cloth is wetted they don't slide. They
adhere to the wet place as though
glued to it.

"One of the first things a steward
learns is to set a stormy weather table
—to spill water on the cloth at each
place where a heavy dish is to stand.
This water serves its purpose thor-
oughly, and it doesn't look bad, either,
for the dish covers it. No one knows
of the wet spot underneath."—New
York Press.

Beggars in England.

Beggars who feign diseases are no
new thing in the streets of London.
They existed in Charles II.'s time, only
then the beggar was called a "ruffler,"
a "bum" or a "shabbard." If he was
deaf and dumb he was called a "dum-
mer." The woman who sung by music
and led borrowed children by the hand
was called a "clapperdosen." Vagrancy
is no new thing, though it practically
did not exist in medieval times. It
was when the cities ceased to be con-
fined within their own walls and long
before the days of policemen that the
people got beyond the control of the
aldermen and their officers and vag-
rancy became a regular profession.
The first English law against beggars
was made by Henry VIII, who gave
licenses to beg to the old and impotent
and ordered that all other beggars
should be whipped and sent back to
their parishes.

More Than Skin Tight.

Senator Joe Blackburn, who was
quite a dandy in his younger days,
once ordered a pair of trousers from
his tailor and as the fashion then was
to wear tight rather than loose, he
emphatically demanded that this par-
ticular pair be skin tight. In due time
the trousers were sent home and tried
on, whereupon the senator sent for the
tailor and proceeded to open fire.
"What in the blackety blank blank

have you done with these trousers?" he
demanded. "You told me to make them
skin tight sir," faltered the tailor.
"Yes; but, by the great horn spoon, you
overdid it," roared the senator. "I can
sit down in my skin, but I can't sit
in these trousers."

How Chicago is Spelled.

In sorting over the letters for Chi-
cago a man in the general Chicago of-
fice has kept an account of the number
of different ways the word Chicago is
spelled. Recently the record showed
197 different ways. Some ripe scholar
in Finland sent a letter to his brother
and spelled the name of the Garden
City, Zizzazo. Still another foreigner,
possibly with a sinister motive, spelled
the word Jagjago. Hipaho, Jajilo,
Scheeclacho, Hixago and Chachicho
are also prime favorites.

He Found It.

"I meant to have told you of that
hole," said the kindly host to his friend,
who had suddenly disappeared, in the
course of a stroll through the grounds,
into a pit full of water. The friend
climbed out and shook himself. "It
doesn't matter," he said cheerily. "I
found it."—London Globe.

Proved Himself.

"That Husky seems like a plucky
chap."
"Guess he is all right. He has
plucked everybody in this neighbor-
hood."—Detroit Free Press.

Startling Evidence.

Fresh testimony in great quantity
is constantly coming in, declaring Dr.
King's New Discovery for Consump-
tion, Coughs and Colds to be un-
equalled. A recent expression from
T. J. McFarland, of Bentonville, Va.,
serves as example. He writes: "I
had bronchitis for three years and
doctored all the time without being
benefited. Then I began taking Dr.
King's New Discovery, and a few
bottles wholly cured me." Equally
effective in curing all lung and throat
troubles, consumption, pneumonia and
croup. Guaranteed by H. P. Vortkamp,
druggist, corner of Main and North
streets. Trial bottles free, regular
sizes 50c, and \$1.00.

GARGOYLES.

Origin of These Quaintly Formed
Heads or Figures.

Gargoyles are quaintly formed heads,
faces or figures used in ancient times
for decorative purposes and chiefly ap-
plied to the terminals of waterspouts
upon roofs or fountains. The rain stream
was arranged to flow through the
mouth, and the word gargoyle itself
is an attempt to imitate the "gurgling"
sound made by the water in passing
through the throat of the grotesque
monster.

Gargoyles were the caricatures of
medieval times. Many were carved
by monkish masons, who took the op-
portunity of hanging on to posterity
the distorted likenesses of their fel-
lows or even of their superiors, recog-
nizable as likenesses from some promi-
nent characteristic.

The famous gargoyles of Notre Dame
in Paris are supposed to have had some
such origin, while others of supposedly
the same origin are to be seen in
churches throughout Brittany and Nor-
mandy as well as here and there in
England.—London Telegraph.

Moxa Doctors of Tokyo.

A feature of low street life in Tokyo
is the "kushia," or moxa doctor, who
applies small pads made of certain
dried herbs to the skin, then sets
them alight, the ensuing blisters being
supposed to be most effective as a cure
for various ailments. Among the doc-
tor's remedies, too, are rhinoceros pills,
warranted a sure cure for tightness of
the chest, gnawing of the teeth and
depression or spirits, and "fudashi,"
a popular remedy for coughs and colds,
which is said to expel the devil and
promote circulation, while moxa pills
are prescribed as an infallible cure for
every ill, from a red nose to senility.

Report From the Reform School.

J. G. Gluck, superintendent, Prun-
town, Va., writes: "After trying
all other advertised cough medicines,
we have decided to use Foley's Honey
and Tar exclusively in the West Vir-
ginia Reform school. I find it the
most effective, and absolutely harm-
less." Sold by H. P. Vortkamp and
Wm. Melville.

A WILLFUL
WIDOW

By KATE M. CLEARY

Copyright, 1904, by Kate M. Cleary

"So altogether I'm in a dence of a
fix," concluded Carruthers.

He sprang to his feet, looking for all
the world like a big, perturbed boy as
he paced restlessly across the library
floor. He was so well formed, with
his straight shoulders and the fine,
flexible lines of his body, that he ap-
peared to be ten years younger than
the thirty-five allotted him by the fam-
ily Bible. Then his brown hair would
curl even at thirty-five.

"I understand," said Claridge. In
truth, he did not understand at all. He
had no children of his own. Indeed,
he found the capricious of his fashion-
able wife quite sufficient to absorb his
attention. But he liked Max Carruthers,
and it did seem to him—

"They're such adorable little things,
Max! And you're so absurdly wealthy!
If it were not for our house being closed
for the summer and Clotilde doing Eu-
rope for the seventh time I'd ask you
to let us take the tots. One fancies
that a man with your money would
have no difficulty in finding a person!"

A rather desperate laugh interrupted
him.

"Ah, the 'persons' who are willing to
take care of my little people, Claridge,
are the bane of my existence. I've ad-
vertised; I've met and talked with
nurses; harpies all. Some would un-
doubtedly give the children proper care
as far as physical requirements go, but
that isn't enough. I want to find some
woman who would really love them in
their own sake."

"That ought to be dead easy," growled
Claridge.

"Of course I think so; but, then,
they're my babies. I want some one
who will give them a bit of mothering
—kiss the place to make it well and
that sort of thing."

"I have it!" exclaimed Claridge. He
brought his fist down on the arm of
his chair with a bang. "The most idyllic
old home in the country that you've
ever rested upon. It's a big, ram-
bling house, almost covered with Vir-
ginia creepers. There's an immense,
well kept lawn and clematis across the
porch, and the house itself is just filled
with the most delicious scents. The
bedrooms are perfumed with lavender.
And as for the food—why, it's some-
thing to set any anchorite singing."

"But what makes you think the pos-
sessor of this ideal home would wel-
come into it two rather lively chil-
dren? If it's only a question of money—"

Claridge shook his head.

"Go slow! That's the difficulty—it
isn't a question of money at all. And
my powers of persuasion may be less
effective than I think with Mrs. Va-
rine; but I'll try."

"My friend is a widow, I presume?"
Claridge smiled—a dry, slow, curious
smile—his legal smile, Carruthers called
it.

"Yes; she happens to be a client of
mine. Oh, yes?" he repeated, as though
convincing himself of the fact. "She's
a widow."

When Carruthers called a few days
later to ask if Claridge had heard from
Mrs. Varine, the latter jumped up
briskly.

"It's all right, Max. You are to set-
tle the question of payment with me.
Mrs. Varine says she'd rather take
nothing. She's very lonely, is awfully
fond of children, and is delighted at
the thought of having the youngsters
with her during their vacation. You'd
better take them down next Thursday.
Oh, by the way, there's a condition.
Mrs. Varine does not wish to meet you
personally."

"What's that?" cried Carruthers,
aghast.

"Well, she doesn't!" reiterated Clar-
idge doggedly. "Maybe she has no re-
ason, but a woman's reason. Anyhow,
she's entitled to her caprice. Her aunt,
Miss Howard, will meet you on your
arrival and show you over the place."

"Queer," muttered Carruthers. He
looked up sharply. "You say you know
the lady—that everything is all right?"

"I say she's one of the sweetest wo-
men God ever made and that you may
bring your stars she is taking your
children into her home—which means
her heart!"

He had spoken with warmth. Car-
ruthers held out his hand.

"Thanks, dear boy! You're a mighty
good friend."

It was at the close of a perfect June
day when a little party reached Cedar-
ville. A survey drawn by two fat white
poodles met them. About two miles out-
side of town the driver turned off into
a wide carriage road that wound up an
avenue of elms and oaks till a turn
brought in view a great sweep of emerald
lawn, beds of scarlet geraniums,
a fountain flashing in the golden light
and a sleepy, old vine covered house
that looked hospitable and picturesque.

"Let us out, papa!" implored Eus-
tace.

"Is it fairland?" queried Dorothy in
a timid, entranced whisper.

The gentle, faded woman who re-
ceived the travelers had a face like a
candle and appeared to harmonize ad-
mirably with her old fashioned sur-
roundings. She showed Carruthers the
rooms the children were to occupy—
airy, immaculate rooms, with blossoms
nodding in at the windows. She offered
him luncheon, which he declined, apol-
ogized for the invisibility of her niece
and appointed a day each week he was
to come to visit the children. Already
charmed by their surroundings, they
let him go without a protest.

When he came down the next week
it was to find the two rows, radiant
and festive over their environment.
He took them into town, bought them
some small treasures and listened to
their raptures about "Florence."

She had made a doll dress for Dorothy;
she had gone fishing with Eustace; she

played the piano for them while they
were having a game of hide and seek,
low or loud as they were "hot" or
"cold." And they were going to have a
party one of these days, with luncheon
served under the bigest oak.

"But who is this lady who is so kind
to you?"
"She's just Florence!" they answered
in chorus. "She's good as a real mama-
ma, only she plays like she was just a
little girl."

Always he heard these tales, and al-
ways, it seemed, the playmate, Flo-
rence, was the center and source of
their joy. Later in the season an im-
portant business summons made it im-
perative that if he were to see the chil-
dren before his trip west he must run
down at once.

Walking up the avenue, he stopped
short at the head of the path, for on
the velvet sward a game of tag was in
progress. A slim, graceful young girl
in a pink lawn gown was the pursued.

"You're it, Florence!" cried Eustace
triumphantly as he succeeded in touch-
ing the fleeing figure. And just then,
as the victim paused, flushed, breathless,
her copper gold hair loosened from its
pins and falling in a bright shower be-
low her waist, Dorothy caught sight of
the newcomer and set up a halting
shout. "It's papa! Here's papa!" she
cried.

The captive made one wild movement
toward flight, but the victor manfully
held on to her. And after a laughing
protest, she came over to Carruthers,
where he stood bareheaded, his eyes
gleaming with admiration, and held
out her hand.

"I've been doubly caught, I'm afraid,
Mr. Carruthers! I did not dream you
were coming today or I should not
have been found engaged in such an
undignified pastime. My name is Flo-
rence Varine."

He leaned forward. "Mrs. Varine's
daughter?"

"No," she colored deliciously. "I am
Mrs. Varine," she explained.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Carruthers.
He looked at her, amazed, mystified.
Why, she could not be much over twen-
ty! And Claridge had said that she
was a widow!

"I was a very distant relative of Mr.
Varine's," she explained. "He wished
to leave me his property, but there
would have been contention and litiga-
tion on the part of others more nearly
related were he to do so. But when he
knew he was dying he asked me to
marry him that he might legally will
me all he possessed. He died an hour
after the ceremony was performed.
Mr. Claridge was present."

"But," stammered Carruthers, "why
didn't Claridge tell me? Why was I
not to see you?"

"Oh, I was afraid if you knew how
young and irresponsible I was you
would not let me have the children to
take care of. Mrs. Claridge had told
me what darlings they were, and I was
so lonely down here. We've had such
good times together." She paused,
gathering up her shining hair. She
looked at him with luminous gray eyes
grown suddenly apprehensive. "You
won't take them away, now that you
know?" she entreated.

"Assuredly not!" he made quick re-
ply. "They are the most fortunate
children in the world. For the first
time since the death of their mother I
have felt quite happy about them."

It was astonishing how easily the im-
portant business matters of Mr. Car-
ruthers could be set aside. He grasped
at the invitation to stay to dinner as
though that meal were in truth to save
him from starvation. And when he
finally did discover that if he would
catch his train back to the city he
must exercise all haste it was with pos-
itive dismay that he left the three who
stood on the terrace, waving him fare-
well.

The next morning he walked into
Claridge's office.

"You'll have to take a run out and
attend to that Montana matter, 'Car-
idge," he said. "I can't go."

"Can't, eh? What's up? Something
more important?"

"Very much more important!" He
was smiling like a boy, and his eyes
were shining. "Fact is, I've not been
seeing enough of Eustace and Dorothy.
I'm going to take a room at the hotel
down there—they tell me there's good
fishing to be had—and I'll see more of
the children."

Claridge stared at him. Then he nod-
ded and laughed.

"You've seen that willful little widow
down at Cedarville?"

Carruthers went off laughing.

When he came in a few weeks later
the tann of country wind and sun was
on his cheek. He walked like a con-
queror, with his head up, and his voice
had a ring good to hear.

"Congratulations!" he commanded.
"The children are going to have the
loveliest mother in all the world!"

Claridge gripped the other's hand
warmly. "You're a lucky dog, Car-
ruthers!"

"I know it, Claridge. There isn't a
king under heaven I'd change places
with! And those children!"

Claridge laughed leniently.

"You infernal fraud!" he said.

A Wandering Minstrel.

"A musician out of work, are you?"
said the housekeeper. "Well, you'll find
a few cords in the wood shed. Suppose
you favor me with an obligato."

"Farlow the pronunciation, madam,"
replied the bright tramp. "But Chopin
is not popular with me."—Philadelphia
Ledger.

Pleasantest Path Downward.

Prosperity has ruined many a man,
but if a fellow is going to be ruined at
all that is the pleasantest way.—Phila-
delphia Record.

"Itching hemorrhoids, were the
plague of my life. Was almost wild.
Doan's Ointment cured me quickly
and permanently, after doctors had
failed." C. F. Cornwell, Valley street,
Sangerites, N. Y.

A lazy liver makes a lazy man. Bur-
dock Blood Bitters is the natural, never
failing remedy for a lazy liver.

Feminine
SnapshotsObject Lesson on How to
Spoil a Man

Lately I spent an hour in the com-
pany of a mother and her sixteen-year-
old son. It would be truer to say "a
sixteen-year-old son and his mother,"
for the son was "it" there. The hour
was a disastrous one. The mother was
rather a brainy woman, lively and
pleasant, but she was just too in-
tellectually lazy to exercise her brain,
so let them rust. At the same time she
was the typical fool mother who makes
a door mat of herself for her children.
The fool mother calls this affection,
which it is not. It is silliness. I tried
to draw out the mother in talk, but
that brassy youngster would "butt in"
every minute and force himself in the
foreground. He contradicted his moth-
er, told her she could not have in the
house something she had a fancy for
and instructed her in matters she had
known all about before he was born.
Worst of all, that foolish woman weak-
ly settled back and let him take the
lead. She even seemed to have a kind
of pride in the ill bred boy, as if to
say, "See what a splendid, superior
creature I have given to the world!"
The cold fact was that the lad was not
a bit superior to the average youth of
his age, only conceited, impertinent and
extremely offensive to almost every-
body but his mother, who was directly
responsible for his bad qualities. She
was breeding into her son a contempt
for the whole feminine sex. No boy
can possibly respect a mother who lets
him boss her in that way, and if a man
respects not his own mother, then what
woman will he respect in the whole
course of his life? The woman who
panders to masculine vanity is guilty
of a grave wrong. It is the common
ignorance of our sex that men look on
women as inferior. How can they do
otherwise when brought up by fool
mothers? The wise, strong willed, no-
ble mother who enforces respect from
her sons is the one that builds for the
future of her sex.

In wealthy families wages for a
skilled woman cook range from \$20 to
\$50 a month, with usually a cook's
helper kept in addition. The cook has
a good home and no expense except for
clothing. There are now training
schools in all our large cities where a
woman may in a short time learn thor-
oughly the science and art of cookery.
The average pay of a woman teacher
in the United States is \$40 a month
during seven to ten months in the year,
with nothing doing to earn money dur-
ing the other two months. Who would
not be a cook?

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ONE More Case to Be Tried And the Term

Of Court Will Come to
a Close.

David Fensler Will Answer
to the Charge of Black-
mail Monday

And then Will Follow a Season of
Hearing Motions for New
Trials in a Number
of Cases.

There will be but one more contest-
ed case before the close of the pres-
ent term of court, the law holding that
the term must close within the year.
Next Monday the case of the state vs.
David Fensler indicted for blackmail
will be called, and there will be no
further work for the jury at its close.
Judge Cunningham will devote the
remainder of the term to the hearing
of motions for a new trial of which
there are fifteen or twenty pending.

Wants His Freedom.
A proceeding which is out of the
ordinary was begun in court this
morning when Attorney L. H. Rogers
filed a request for the holding of an
examining court on behalf of J. D.
Williamson, the erstwhile pettifogger,
who was sent to jail on the charge
of selling mortgaged chattel property
with intent to defraud. Williamson
was bound over to the grand jury and
was unable to furnish bond.

The proceedings will be conducted
by Probate Judge Miller, who has au-
thority to open the case and make a
further investigation. The hearing
will take place Dec. 28, at 10 o'clock
a. m.

Found For Defendant.
The jury in the case of E. Melville
Lewis vs. J. C. Linnehan, returned a
speedy verdict yesterday evening, be-
ing out of the court room less than
an hour and then reported in favor
of the defendant. No cause of action.
This suit was brought to recover a
commission on sale of the furniture
and belongings at the Hotel Norval to
the present proprietor. The de-
fense was to the effect that the deal
was made after Mr. Lewis had with-
drawn from the arrangement.

Foreclosure Suit.
Kent Hughes as plaintiff, brings an
action for foreclosure naming Elsie
Glancy, Jennie Harter, John Kerr, W.
F. Hoover and the South Side Build-
ing and Loan Association as defend-
ants and party defendants.

Marriage Licenses.
W. G. Custer, 25, brakeman, and
Beulah Workman, 20, both of Lima.
Harry Geo. McDonald, 22, cigar
maker and Minnie Obenauer, 22, both
of Lima.

**MRS. CHADWICK
SENDS LETTER**

By Sheriff to Be Given Her Hus-
band, Telling Him of His
Indictment.

Cleveland, O., Dec. 24.—Sheriff Barry
today telegraphed Gov. O'Neil, of
New York, asking that the extradition
papers for Dr. Leroy S. Chadwick
jointly indicted with his wife, Cassie
L. Chadwick, on a charge of forgery,
be granted on the sheriff's arrival in
Albany, Monday. Sheriff Barry feared
there might be no one at the New
York executive office, Monday, to
secure the requisition from Gov. Her-
rick, and decided to take this precau-
tion to prevent any delay in securing
the extradition papers.

Mrs. Chadwick's attorney has given
Sheriff Barry a letter to hand to Dr.
Chadwick when the steamer, on which
the latter arrives in New York, Wed-
nesday, telling of his indictment and
advising him to return to Cleveland as
soon as possible. Mrs. Chadwick
fears her husband will be much affect-
ed by the news of the action of the
county grand jury here as she states
he never had any intimation that he
might be implicated in any criminal
proceedings.

A Certain Cure for Croup.
When a child shows symptoms of
croup there is no time to experiment
with new remedies, no matter how
highly they may be recommended.
There is one preparation that can al-
ways be depended upon. It has been
in use for many years, and has never
been known to fail. viz: Chamber-
lain's Cough Remedy. Mr. M. P.
Compton, of Market, Texas, says of it:
"I have used Chamberlain's Cough
Remedy in several cases of croup with
my children, and can truthfully say
it always gives prompt relief." For
sale by all druggists.

When you're broke the girls are shy;
They turn and fly as you come nigh.
Dance up old man, show some pluck;
Take Rocky Mountain Tea; 'twill
change your luck. H. F. Vorkamp.

THE TIMES-DEOCRAT IS PUBLISHED EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR EXCEPT SUNDAY. WE NEVER MISS NOR POSTPONE. THROUGH OUR MEMBERSHIP IN THE ASSOCIATED PRESS WE ARE KEPT IN CLOSE TOUCH WITH THE HAPPENINGS IN THE ENTIRE OUTER WORLD EVERY MINUTE OF EVERY DAY, AND READERS OF THE TIMES-DEOCRAT ARE GIVEN THIS INFORMATION EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Messiah, Monday night, Dec. 26, at the Congregational church. Full chorus, full orchestra and fine soloists.

NEXT WEEK

The Board of Safety Will
Give Its Decision.

In the Case Against Policeman Fen-
stermaker. Re-Hearing of Case
Held Last Night.

The two members of the Board of
Public Safety held a meeting this
afternoon and after reviewing the testi-
mony taken in the hearing of the case
against Policeman Chas. Fenster-
maker, announced that they would
take further time in which to examine
into the case and that their decision
as to whether or not they will sus-
tain the Mayor's sentence of perma-
nent suspension, would be given next
Wednesday.

The case was given its hearing on
the appeal from the Mayor's decision
last night. The only new testimony
submitted was that of Amos Nims, a
hack driver, who claimed that Dick
Shaffer saw Detective Heffern in the
stairway beside the Oak and warned
proprietor Guncheon of the threatened
gambling room raid.

**HERRICK HAS
TWICE REFUSED.**

Will Not Accept Ambassadorship
to Italy Because He Cannot Talk
the Language.

Cleveland, O., Dec. 24.—Governor
Herrick will not accept the ambassa-
dorship to Italy or any other foreign
country.

"I have twice declined the ambassa-
dorship to Italy," said the governor to-
day.

"The first time the place was offered
to me by President McKinley, and the
second time by President Roose-
velt."

My reason is this: "While it may
not be absolutely necessary for an
American ambassador to a foreign
country to be able to speak the lan-
guage of that country, but I have al-
ways felt that a person should have
such ability. I cannot talk Italian."

BULLETIN.
Beaver, Pa., Dec. 24.—W. H. Hal-
stead, aged 38, pool room and restau-
rant proprietor at Colonia, near here,
was found murdered at his place of
business today. He was bound and
gagged and his head was bruised in
several places. The gas was turned
on causing death from asphyxiation.
The police have no clue. Halstead
was about to close a deal for the sale
of his property and it is supposed the
purpose of the murder was robbery.

OFFICERS

Elected by Lima Branch
Number 100, C. K. of A.

At the last general meeting of
branch 100 C. K. of A., held at St.
Rose's hall, the following officers
were elected for the ensuing year, be-
ing the 12th time in succession, which
speaks well for their honesty and in-
tegrity: Rev. A. E. Manning, Spiritual
Director, Jeremiah Plun, president,
P. P. Smith, vice president, John
O'Neill, recording secretary, Lammert
Fennell, financial secretary, Henry
Kenzer, treasurer.

This society has paid over \$15,000,
000.00 to beneficiaries and has over
half a million of a sinking fund in the
treasury, which is certainly encourag-
ing.

HE CAN HAVE IT.

WHATEVER IT IS.
Columbus, O., Dec. 24.—J. G. San-
ders, an instructor at the Ohio State
University, has been appointed special
agent of the bureau of entomology.
He will investigate scale insects which
affect trees and shrubbery.

NEW INCORPORATIONS.

Columbus, O., Dec. 25.—The Buck-
eye Street Railway Co., Cleveland,
by K. H. Vandever, Edward H. Grey,
Louis Hawley, Jr., G. D. Reed and J.
B. Chadwick. They propose an elec-
tric railway connecting Canton and
Akron, \$1,000.

The Heaestead Laundry Co., Cleve-
land, by H. Lindale Smith, George B.
Riley, W. B. Newcomb, J. R. McHugh
and A. Schocmann, \$5,000.

THE REPS

Had But Two Points to
the Good

At the Close of the Girl's
Basket Ball Contest.

Both Teams Evenly Matched, and
a Series of Games Would Be
an Attraction.

The girl's basket ball game at the
auditorium, furnished plenty of genu-
ine excitement last night, and result-
ed in a victory for the Representative
team over the Sophmores, by the
close score of 12 to 10. The two
teams proved that they were evenly
matched and the result was uncertain
until the last minute of time.

Improvement in the style of playing
and effectiveness in both interference
and goal throwing was displayed,
which goes to show that good coach-
ing and consistent practice will do.
There was not a little rivalry, and it
was brought to the surface by the de-
termined efforts of the players as well
as by the rooting of those present
who were naturally divided in their
sympathies.

The game is fast growing in popu-
larity and the patronage last night
was sufficient to net a neat sum for
the young ladies, who will have a
fund to meet all expenses and aid
them in bringing visiting teams to
Lima before the season closes.

In the scoring last night, the points
were credited as follows: Represen-
tatives—Goals—Miss Morris 4, Miss
Wilbur 2, total points, 12. Sophmores
—Goals—Miss McLaughlin 4, Miss
Ireland 1, total points 10.

Referee—Warren McLaughlin.

GREAT THOUGHTS.

They Have the Gift of Immortal
Youth and Strength.

The influence of the law of action
and reaction can be traced more clearly
in those everyday human affairs
which come under our individual ob-
servation than in the greater move-
ments of mankind which are often im-
perfectly recorded. We act and are
acted upon. The people we meet make
an impression on us; the impression
may be for the moment or it may last
through life. Bloom, fragrance, grace,
harmony, beauty, majesty, affect us
agreeably; deformity, imbedility, dis-
tress, cruelty, affect us unpleasantly.

The plea of the unfortunate, the
thought of our vision, the opinion in
the newspaper, the issues of the time,
impress us in accordance with our
moods or natures. Certain words, tones,
sights, a waken echoes within us of old
happiness or pain.

There are words and tones which
produce beautiful reactions—the illu-
sions of the mother, the endearments
of the lover, the voice of sympathy, the
enchantment of music, the messages
of the poets, the trumpet calls to hon-
or and duty. And there are words
which produce misunderstanding, con-
fusion, aversion, anger—the words of
whining, complaining, fault finding,
envy, jealousy, slander, of malice, in-
tolerance, brutality.

The response to the public speaker is
reciprocal to his power. If he be dull,
the hearers are weary; if he be con-
vincing, courageous, forceful, the au-
dience will be kindle, and he may rouse
them to laughter or tears, to indigna-
tion or fury, to generosity or sacrifice.
He may change the opinions and con-
victions of others and the course of the
lives of some; he may even save a
city from slaughter or make a state.
If his thought be really great, it may
live through many ages, stirring gen-
eration after generation. The reaction
of moral effort may be prolonged; it
may even gain force with time, indicat-
ing its connection with some stu-
pendous primal energy. The echo of a
great physical convulsion dies quickly,
but the echo of the words of Confucius
and Buddha, of Plato, Seneca and
Christ, still lives. The voice of Socrates
before his judges kindles men whose
ancestors were untamed savages when
Socrates spoke. Buildings decay, monu-
ments fall, rivers run dry, races de-
cline, but a great thought endures from
no impairment or decrepitude; it has
the gift of immortal youth and
strength.—From "Balance: The Funda-
mental Verity," by Orlando J. Smith.

Why Some Folks Go to Europe.
When New York society doesn't know
what else to do it goes abroad. An
ambitious woman gets wind of some
rival's intended function. Not to be
invited or not to be seen among the
ghosts means a slight easily endured
if the world be not cognizant of the
fact, but intolerant if it is; therefore
the ambitious woman sails away to
Europe. She may not be gone six
weeks, but her absence is thus to be
accounted for. In other cases it is
known that society takes this absent
treatment to cure heart troubles, to es-
cape social obligations that weigh too
heavily on the income or again, from
sheer ennui it departs. This restless-
ness of certain sets in society would
be dangerous were it not for the safety
valve, which that really overworked
Atlantic ocean has become of late
years. When all else fails, go to Eu-
rope.—Boston Herald.

We have special prices on the White,
Wheeler & Wilson and Standard Sew-
ing Machines for Xmas.
HAWESHER BROS.,
147 S. Main Street,
Phone No. 20.



WHAT OAME OF A LETTER.

My Dear Aunt Kate:
I must tell you the good news. Right
after receiving your letter, the day before
New Year's I started in with new resolu-
tions on the first of the year. I wrote to
Dr. R. V. Pierce, at Buffalo, N. Y., as you
requested me to do. I gave him all my
symptoms, which were that I was tired—
so tired—all the time and did not care to
go anywhere, depressed and sad, and all
ambition gone, backache and a dragged-out
feeling, could not sleep, limbs feeling sore
and aching. I followed the doctor's advice,
which he went to considerable pains to
make plain to me—to rest every day—a nap
after lunch—complete relaxation—cultivate
repose of mind, try not to worry, get as
much outdoor air as possible, and practice
long, deep breathing, expanding the
lungs. Then for a uterine tonic, Dr. Pierce's
Favorite Prescription, coupled with a wash
he told me. I must say that after follow-
ing his advice for four months I feel per-
fectly cured and like a new woman.

Yours affectionately,
JEWELL.
Letters like these above are not unusual.
Mrs. Kooman, of 835 Grant Ave., Schenectady,
N. Y., says: "I continued with the medicine
until I had taken five bottles, also two vials of
the 'Pleasant Pellets,' and I was cured. I al-
ways recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines to my
friends and they are not well."

"My daughter is in quite good health, thanks
to Dr. Pierce's medicines. My wishes are that
all who are afflicted will try them and see what
good can be done for the sick," writes Mrs.
Elizabeth McConnell, of Rochester, Ind.

Send 3 cent stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for his Common
Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages.

IMMENSE

Traffic on Account of World's
Fair

Report Gives Number of Trains In-
to St. Louis and the People
Carried.

An official statement of the enor-
mous passenger business handled at
the St. Louis Union Terminal Station
during the Louisiana Purchase Expo-
sition period shows the following fig-
ures: Total number of trains, 91,
550; cars, 457,688; daily average, 426
passenger trains—2,130 cars. During
September and October the daily aver-
age was about 524 trains and 2,600
cars. In some instances as high as 544
trains were handled in the station in
60 minutes. Pieces of baggage
handled 1,739,600.

About 10,000,000 people is the esti-
mate for the whole season. Tickets
sold, \$47,776, amounting to \$2,389,292.
As all visitors to the fair held round
trip tickets, and as all railroads have
downtown ticket offices, the above
sales, which are an increase of about
100 per cent can be better appreciated.
About 80 per cent of all this business
was handled during the hours from 6
a. m. to 9 a. m. and from 6 p. m. to 9
p. m.

For Conscience's Sake.
During the past three months, War-
ren J. Lynch, general passenger agent
of the Big Four, has been deluged
with contributions to the "conscience
fund." More than one hundred of
these letters have been received. Mr.
Lynch says these letters usually
come in floods. For months none
will be received, until, without appar-
ent cause, scores will be received
from the same community. This is
attributed to religious revivals of
various kinds, and in other cases to
a spasm of emotional goodness, which
lasts but a short time. Some of these
letters, Mr. Lynch says, are unques-
tionably genuine. This can be seen
from the letters themselves and the
inclosures sent. Others, he thinks,
have some mercenary motive. This
sometimes develops afterward.

New York, Dec. 24.—Plans for a new
railroad terminal to take the place
of the present grand central station,
were submitted to a committee of the
board of estimate by Ira A. Place, gen-
eral counsel for the New York Cen-
tral railroad and George H. Daniels,
general passenger agent of the same
company.

An area of more than nineteen city
blocks will be taken up by the new
terminal, which will extend from For-
ty Second to Fifty Seventh streets
and from Madison to Lexington. The
station proper with the postoffice and
express buildings will cover the
blocks between Vanderbilt and Lex-
ington avenues from Forty Third to
Thirty Fifth streets inclusive and the
block on Forty Second street between
Depece Place and Vanderbilt avenue.

**R. T. GREGG & CO'S DRY GOODS
STORE WILL BE CLOSED ALL DAY
MONDAY. WE WISH YOU ALL A
MERRY CHRISTMAS. R. T. GREGG
& CO.**

WILL CLOSE

All Day Monday and Give
Clerks a Holiday.

In consideration of the faithful serv-
ices rendered by their sales people,
Carter & Carroll will close their store
all day Monday, giving them an entire
holiday.

A Graduate's Story

(Original)
"Father," said Frank Perkins one
evening when the family were sitting
before a cheerful fire, "you promised
me when I became of age you would
tell me that story of your student life.
I'm twenty-one today."

"Well, Frank, I'll keep my promise.
When I was in college I made the ac-
quaintance of a girl we will call Nan-
cy. You see, your mother might be
jealous, and I wouldn't like her to
know the girl's real name. Nancy and
I kept getting spooner and spooner,
and, her father getting on to the situa-
tion, forbade me the house. It wasn't
that I had any objection to me except
that I was only a college boy with two
years of study before me, besides a
course in agriculture, to be taken after
graduation. As for Nancy, he pro-
posed that she should spend three or
four years more on her education. Per-
haps if he had let us alone we might
have got over it in time without mak-
ing ninnyes of ourselves. As it was,
he drove us into one of the silliest per-
formances on record—an elopement.

"The time we chose for this absurdity
was in midwinter, just after one of the
heaviest snowstorms we had had in
years. Our plan was for me to pick
up Nancy on the road, take her in
my sleigh to the junction, get spiffed
there, drive her back and say nothing
about the matter till we had finished
our education. Nancy was at the place
of rendezvous all alone in furs and
with a pair of cheeks which the frost
tinged with the hue of red apples.
She jumped into the sleigh, I pulled
up the robe, and we started.

"Nancy told me that her father was
suspicious of her, and she thought he
had been watching her, so I had bet-
ter drive pretty fast. This I did so
far as I could, but the road between
our college town and the junction is
lilly, and the snow was deep and un-
trodden with occasional bad drifts. So
our progress was necessarily slow.
Nancy kept looking back uneasily, and
when we reached the top of a rise
about a mile from the town Nancy,
upon glancing to the rear, gave my
arm a grip, exclaiming:

"Oh, my goodness gracious!"
"Turning my head, I saw a sleigh
descending the next slope behind us,
drawn by two horses, who were gallop-
ing through the snow, scattering it like
spray. Of course I knew we were fol-
lowed, and, giving the horse a cut, we
started down our decline, scattering
snow in the same fashion. But I
knew that one horse was no match for
two horses with an equal load, and it
occurred to me that our plan would be
nipped unless I could hit upon a strat-
agem.

"Nancy," I said, "I'm going to drop
you in a drift."

"What for?" she asked.
"I'll do it when your father is on
the other side of the rise and can't see
us."

"But what will I do there?"
"Lie low till he has passed, then
walk home. He hasn't seen who is in
this sleigh; the back is too high, and
the robe behind is above our heads."

"All right," said Nancy. "This looks
like a good place we're coming to."
"I pulled up beside a drift more than
ten feet deep and, as I should not
show any tracks, took Nancy up and
tossed her feet foremost into it. The
snow was light. She went down three-
quarters of her length and wriggled
down the rest of the way. I drove on
and when I got to the top of the next
hill looked back. In a few minutes the
pursuing sleigh appeared, and I knew
I had not been seen dropping Nancy.
I kept up a good pace, hoping to draw
her father on so far that he wouldn't
run against her on the way back. I led
him as far as the bridge, when I slowed
up and let him overtake me. When he
saw no one in the sleigh he looked
somewhat mystified for a moment, then
said savagely:

"You young rascal, what have you
got under that robe?"

"Nothing."

"Yes, you have. You students think
you're a match for Satan in devilry,
but you can't fool me. Pull up the
robe!"

"I drew up the robe so that he could
see the bottom of the sleigh. He was
thunderstruck. But, too disgruntled to
apologize for his mistake, he turned
about without a word and drove back
to town. It's four miles between the
town and the junction, and since I had
dropped Nancy a mile from the town I
knew she would have plenty of time to
get back home.

"When I saw her again she told me
that when her father came in he said
nothing to her about her ride, but later
asked her where she had been."

"To Aunt Sarah's," she answered.

"The little liar!" put in Eleanor Not-
kins.

"I air!" exclaimed the mother in-
dignantly. "Not at all. She stopped at
Aunt Sarah's on her way home so that
Aunt Sarah would confirm what she
intended to tell her father."

"Why, mother," asked Eleanor, "what
do you know about it?"

"The mother, with a vexed smile, bent
again over her work."

"She ought to know," said the fa-
ther, with a twinkle in his eye. "She's
Nancy."

"The daughter laughingly embraced
her mother."

"But when were you married?"

asked Frank.

"Oh, we tried it again in a week and
succeeded," said the father.

"You were a pair of sillies," said
Eleanor.

"Of course we were," said the fa-
ther, "but I fancy you and Frank are
now too old and venerable to follow
our example, so I don't mind your
knowing the facts."

LENA M. BROOKS.

For wood of any kind, call Central
Coal Co. Both phones. 89-11

CHRISTMAS SWEATERS 50c to
\$5.00. MORRIS BROS. 0-31

Christmas Presents Sacrificed

This month's big increase of
sales, ahead of any previous
month's sale in 31 years, is suf-
ficient proof that the people ap-
preciate reliable goods at lowest
Lima prices.

Fine Men's Suits, \$3.98 to \$18.50.
Fine Boys' Long Pant Double Breasted Suits, \$3.50 to \$6.90
and up.
Fine Children's Knee Pants Suits, \$1.00 to \$4.00 and up.
Fine Men's Pants, \$1.00 to \$5.00 &c.
Fine Boys' Long Pants, 75c, \$1.50 and up.
Fine Children's Pants, 25c, 50c and 75c.
Fine Men's Hats, stiff, \$1.00 to \$3.00.
Fine Men's Hats, soft, 50c to \$3.00.
Fine Men's Caps, latest, 25c to \$1.50.
Fine Boys' Caps, pull down, 20c to 50c.
Fine Embroidered Night Robes, 50c, \$1.00, &c.
Fine Reversible Mufflers, 25c, 50c, \$1.00, \$1.50, &c.
Fine Embroidered Suspenders, 25c, 50c, 75c, &c.
Fine Elegant Neckwear, 25c, 50c, 75c, &c.
Fine Colored Stiff and Soft Shirts, latest, \$1.00, \$1.50, &c.
Fine Fleece Lined Underwear, 39c, 50c, wool \$1.00 to \$1.50.
Fine Silk Initial Handkerchiefs, 10c, 3 for 25c.
Fine Umbrellas 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00, &c.
Lined and Unlined Dress Gloves, 25c to \$1.50.
Men's Patent Leather Slippers, only \$1.00.
Men's Vici Tan Slippers, only \$1.50.
Men's fine Nullifier Slippers, only \$2.00.
Men's Silk Embroidered Slippers, only 50c.
Men's Alligator Slippers, only 50c.
Women's fur trimmed Slippers, 75c to \$1.50.
Women's Warm Lined Shoes, \$1.00 to \$2.00.
Baby Shoes, all colors, 25c to 50c.

Store Open Evening This Week.

Lichtenstader Bros.

Clothing and Shoes.
Established 1873. Northwest Corner Square.

NEW TUNNEL UNDER LEASE.

Boston, Dec. 24.—The new tunnel
which has been constructed under
Boston Harbor from the main land to
East Boston by the city of Boston
was leased today to the Boston Ele-
vated Railroad Company for twenty-
five years. The railway company is to
pay an annual rental to the city of
an amount equal to 3-8 of one per
cent of the gross receipts of each year
of all its lines. In addition to this
the railway company is to collect from
each person passing through the tun-
nel a toll of one cent which is to re-
vert to the city. The tunnel is about
a mile long and cost more than \$3,
000,000. It will be opened to traffic
on December 30.

THE MARKETS.

Christmas Prices.
Cleveland, Dec. 24.—Fresh eggs 25
to 27; turkeys 15 to 16. No other
changes.

Live Stock.

Chicago, Dec. 24.—Cattle, receipts
200; market steady; good to prime
steers \$6.20@6.50; poor to medium
\$3.50@5.90; stockers and feeders
\$2.20@4.25; cows \$1.35@4.50; heifers
\$2.65; canners \$1.35@2.40; bulls \$2@
4.10; calves \$3.50@6.50.

Hogs, receipts 9,000; market strong;
cured mixed and butchers \$4.30@4.60;
good to choice heavy \$4.50@4.60;
rough heavy 4.30@4.40; light \$4.00@
4.45; bulk of sales \$4.35@4.45.

Sheep, receipts 2,000; sheep strong;
lambs steady; good to choice wethers
\$4.50@5.20; fair to choice mixed \$3.75
@4.75; native lambs \$5@7.

CANTORIA
The Kind You Have Always Bought

JOY

Of the Christmas Holidays

And Greetings

Of the Absent One's Home Coming.

Thoughts That Come With the Good Cheer of the Yuletide Season.

Lima Students Greet Old Classmates Who Gather in Their Home Town From College and University.

Holiday business is heavy, is the report received from the passenger agents in the city, and the same situation prevails in the mail and express departments. Passenger traffic reached its height today, when extra coaches had to be provided to accommodate the thousands who journeyed from city to city to join family or friends around the Yule log. The depot platforms were crowded today with the coming and going of every train. Straining, eager eyes scanned the jostling groups, or ran the scale of the murky car windows to catch a glimpse of an absent one, whose home-coming was half the Christmas cheer. It was usually an animated body with a profile brokenly outlined from among an odd assortment of boxes and bundles, and an anchorage in the shape of a bulging portmanteau. Embraces under the circumstances were attended by an awkward squeeze, or a smuggled kiss taken with abundant risk of breakage. The joy of the season was in the air, and the scenes at home are being repeated in every city and hamlet in the land.

Christmas comes but once a year, and to many its a long time coming.

"The season differs as much in present giving as it does in the weather," was the remark of a leading merchant, today. "You cannot tell in what direction the wind is drifting, but it is like a disease that is catching. You may display your stock to its best advantage, and keep in the back ground some special line you do not believe to be in demand. Suddenly you are brought to a realization that the tinsel and glitter of last year's Christmas has taken on a more sombre hue. Less of the ornamental and more of the substantial is the requirement. Gifts that count and cost more has been the order this season, and while the number of sales, compared with last year, have not been as large in our line. Elegant and elaborate presents have found their way in Lima homes to the comfort and benefit of the entire family."

The holiday season has brought the student home from college, and there is a joyous reunion of former classmates. Lima has a large representation in the colleges and universities in the state and beyond its borders, and aside from what they are doing in the way of securing position and higher education, several have won their laurels in the athletic field. Earl Swan, after a successful debut on Ohio State's foot ball team, is now one of the strong guards that make up the basket ball squad. Walter Longworth is also one of the reliable players on the fast team representing Case college, at Cleveland. Tom McLaughlin, champion in tennis, is home from Hamilton, and the mention

of those sportsman examples of Lima's youth suggests the promise of a fast basket ball team, which would be made complete with Lou Lantier, of Ohio State last year, and Warren McLaughlin, a graduate of Hamilton, and now a member of the Allen County Bar. An exhibition game with the five named opposers to the White Stars would be equal to any contest that could be suggested.

THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT IS PUBLISHED EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR EXCEPT SUNDAY. WE NEVER MISS NOR POSTPONE. THROUGH OUR MEMBERSHIP IN THE ASSOCIATED PRESS WE ARE KEPT IN CLOSE TOUCH WITH THE HAPPENINGS IN THE ENTIRE OUTER WORLD EVERY MINUTE OF EVERY DAY, AND READERS OF THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT ARE GIVEN THIS INFORMATION EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Go to Lindesmith & Co. for blankets and robes.

CHRISTMAS

Will Be a Saddened Holiday in One Lima Home.

Funeral of Mrs. Dallas Will Be Held Monday—Deceased's Grandfather Reported Dying.

The funeral of Mrs. Etta Dallas, whose death, occurring at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Safford Edsell, and Ewing avenue, was announced by the Times-Democrat yesterday, will be held from the United Brethren church, at Spring and Union streets at 10 o'clock Monday morning. The services will be conducted by the pastor and interment will be made in Woodlawn cemetery.

The deceased was about thirty years of age and is survived by her parents and one daughter, Marie, aged 10 years. Mrs. Dallas possessed a lovable disposition and her death has saddened many hearts. She had been a patient and uncomplaining sufferer for five months and death was due to tuberculosis of the bowels.

During the last hour before Mrs. Dallas' death a message was received from Allentown announcing the serious illness of her grandfather, the venerable Benjamin Edsell, of that place, who suffered a stroke of paralysis yesterday and was not expected to live through last night. Notwithstanding his advanced age, 94 years, however, Mr. Edsell was still alive this afternoon. He is the father of Mrs. L. H. Deall, Sr., now at Oakland, Cal., whose son Edgar Deall, died in this city, October.

THE DRY GOODS STORE OF R. T. GREGG & CO., WILL BE CLOSED ALL DAY MONDAY. A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL. R. T. GREGG & CO.

SHAWNEE COMMANDERY, NO. 14.

Members and visiting Sir. Knights will assemble in the Asylum in Masonic Temple, Monday, December 26th, 1904, at 10:30 o'clock, sharp, for the purpose of joining in the customary Christmas observance as promulgated by the Grand Encampment, K. T. WALTER N. BOYER, E. C. GEO. B. HOLLAND, Sec.

Be at the Christmas-tide concert of the Lima Choral Society at the Congregational church, Monday evening. The Symphony orchestra will play the accompaniments. The soloists will be of the best and the choruses will be simply grand. To hear the Hallelujah chorus alone will be worth the price of admission, fifty cents.

Blankets and robes cheap at Lindesmith and Co.

Best Jackson Domestic Lump Coal, per ton \$3.75. Central Coal Co. Both phones.

To the Public in General, and Our Customers in Particular.

We Wish You All

—A—

Merry Christmas.

KRAFT SHOE CO.

CREMOS

Were Too Busy Christmas Shopping

To Meet the Refiners in the League Series.

Metropolitans Still Hold the Lead in City League. No League Games Next Week on Account of Holidays.

The Cremo five failed to meet the Refiners at the Metropolitan alleys, last night, being too busy with Christmas shopping. The series was awarded to the Refiners five in default of the Cremos' non-appearance. There will be no games played in the city bowling league schedule next week, on account of the holidays.

Following is the standing of the clubs in the city league:

	Won.	Lost	P.C.
Metropolitan	20	4	83%
G. U. Tea Co.	10	5	79%
Banta	17	7	70%
Refinery	16	8	67%
San Felice	10	14	41%
Blue Ribbons	7	17	29%
L. E. & W.	6	18	25%
Cremo	1	23	4%

High team score—Grand Union Tea Co., \$65; second, Banta Candy Factory, \$43.

High individual score—Driver, 234.

Banta's vs. San Felice.

Wednesday night, the Banta Candy Factory five won two of the three games played against the San Felice team, at the Metropolitan alleys. The score:

Banta.		
Thomas	179	150
Keller	112	148
Banta	103	146
Lawlor	158	132
Reed	136	153
Totals	65	749

San Felice.		
Warfield	140	151
Jacobs	107	148
Javison	144	137
Dimond	152	169
Gottfried	170	151
Totals	693	747

M. E. SEALTS

Died at Cincinnati at 11 O'clock This Morning.

Death Followed an Operation That Was Performed Thursday. Body Being Brought Home.

Telegrams were received in this city this afternoon announcing that M. E. Sealts, one of the most widely known citizens and business men of this city had died at 11 o'clock this morning, death occurring in a hospital in Cincinnati. Mr. Sealts went to Cincinnati the middle of this week and entered a hospital to undergo an operation hoping to secure relief from an ailment of long standing. The operation was performed Thursday and was thought to be successful but death followed two days later.

The deceased was the oldest brother of the late J. M. Sealts and was, at the time of his death, the manager of the J. M. Sealts Company's wholesale grocery business. His wife, who survives him, was at his bedside when the end came.

The body will arrive in Lima tonight and will be taken to the deceased's late home on west Market street.

WEATHER

Was Disagreeable, But Not Sufficiently So

To Prevent a Fine Turn-out of Maccabees From Enjoying Themselves at Elida.

The turn out of Maccabees last evening at Elida, was great considering the weather. The members of Elida tent 468, were out in force. Teuts Banner, Lima and Patrolevum were well represented and Lima Division 23, of the Uniform Rank and Band, were surely "it". A goodly number were initiated into the order and these fellows "rode the goat" boldly and well. The well known Banner degree team had charge of ceremonies which were most impressive. After disbandment a fine supper was served. The Uniform Rank Band entertained and the new hall was dedicated in a most fitting manner. An enjoyable time, all around was had and all again hope to visit Elida.

Beck's Laxative Honey and Tar is an improvement over all cough, lung and bronchial remedies. It acts on the bowels—drives the cold out of the system, cures cough, whooping cough, wards off pneumonia and strengthens the lungs. Beck's Laxative Honey and Tar is the best cough syrup for children. Tastes good. Sold by H. F. Vorkamp, Druggist.

HOLIDAYS

Bring Out Rich Gowns For Feminine Forms.

Just at the present moment woman-kind are too busy thinking about the holidays now upon us to care very much about the newest of anything except such gowns as are to be worn to the different dinners and receptions. They have all arranged their winter wear for the street, and the evening dress is more necessary just now. Naturally this means those women who are like the one of whom we once read—the one who sat on the cushion and sewed up a seam and ate nothing but strawberries, sugar and cream. So let us relegate the useful to the background while we talk a little of the purely ornamental.

In the first place, velvet is the preferred material this season for fine gowns for young and old women, but the younger ones, or, rather, the single ones, must be content with lighter stuffs, though not much less costly. For indoor wear the velvet must be of the regulation silk face, and the richer and heavier the piece the more admirable it is and the more desirable. For outdoor wear the velvets are preferred in almost every case. The colorings and appearance are exactly the same, and the wearing qualities are excellent, at one-quarter the cost.

Nothing trims a velvet gown or indeed any other garment so well as jet in almost any manner, whether in cords, applique or laid on in set designs. On one superb gown shown in a leading store there were large arabesques made of fine cut jet sewed directly on the velvet. Another had a series of cords and tassels across the front of the skirt from top to bottom. The waist was made with a deep point that might have been worn in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Around the low cut neck there was a bertha of heavy vandyke lace. The whole was a picturesque and splendid gown. It was for a young matron to wear at a grand dinner and at the opera afterward. To wear with it was a long cloak with sleeves containing enough cloth to make a suit for a girl of six. They were big, clumsy, baggy things, but the material was a brocade so rich and fine in ivory and old rose, bordered with a line of fluffy white fur, that one thought of the old farmer who when he saw a modern parlor for the first time asked the owner if she thought she could have all that and heaven too. What with the velvet gown, the proper allowance of jewels and this magnificent long coat one wonders where the "simple life" comes in.

To return to our dinner dresses, every kind of thin, soft silk is considered



CHIFFON DINNER DRESS.

Just right, but crepe de chine and chiffon have the first place. Crepe is best for some gowns and chiffon for others. Chiffon is as well liked today as when first presented to our admiring gaze. The illustration shows a beautiful dinner gown for one of the elite who knows how to dress well. The slip is of a rich, vivid blue, and the chiffon overdress is a delicate pink. This makes a combination most exquisite, for combined in this way the shades form elusive purple tints varying in depth according to the closeness of the gathers. The waist is a corselet of ivory lace over the blue underdirt, and this is in turn run with red and gold threads, following the design of the lace. Around the shoulders is a graduated bertha of chiffon edged with gold and red castle braid. The sleeves and skirt are shirred, and at the foot a vandyked design of the lace is added as an inner. Around the edges of flounce and sleeves is a narrow shirring of the chiffon, which finishes it beautifully.

I discovered the cause of the peculiar stare of the skirt and will tell my kind readers who do not know how to achieve that effect that they may reproduce it. There is another skirt still beneath the blue silk slip, and this has a flounce six inches deep. Where it joins the skirt is set a row of ermine with one row of featherbone piping woven into it. It is sewed fast to the skirt, not to the bottom of the flounce, and that is what makes it stand out so stylishly.

Duly the trend of the shapes in gowns and other garments comes nearer to those worn long ago, and some of them are strangely familiar. The skirts are full around the waist and flounce or otherwise trimmed straight around the bottom. The waists, too, are much easier to make. Princess shapes are again making their appearance, and the tight position waists are often seen with the tailor suits. Vest fronts are among the best liked of all the styles for tailor made basques and waists.

Domestic and new home sewing machines at Lindesmith & Co., 223 north Main street.



THE BLUEM STORE

WISH YOU ALL

A Merry Christmas.

The Store Will be Closed all Day Monday for Christmas.



G. E. BLUEM,

221-223 North Main Street.

Dry Goods.

Dress Goods.

Suit House.

"TELEGRAPH

And City Editor" Will Be the New Title Taken

By Mayor's Clerk Leo C. Owen, Who Will Start Sunday Night for Tucson, Arizona.

Mayor's clerk Leo C. Owens has tendered his resignation to Mayor Robb and will leave Lima tomorrow night with Tucson, Arizona, his prospective destination and future headquarters. Leo has had an ever increasing desire to join the newspaper fraternity for some time and, having had sufficient experience and ability to qualify himself for the work, he will upon his arrival in the bustling little border city, assume a position on the staff of the Tucson Daily Star, with the title of "City and Telegraph Editor". The Star is the principal newspaper which serves the happenings to the 15,000 people of Tucson, and Leo's Lima friends have no fear of his ability to "make good" in his new venture.

Mr. Owen will be succeeded in the position of mayor's clerk by his predecessor, Fred Armstrong.

SOCIETY.

Col. and Mrs. George P. Waldorf, of Toledo, will spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Moulton. Mrs. Waldorf will remain during the week.

Miss Edna Smiley has gone to Dayton to spend Christmas.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. will please take notice that the parlor meeting at Mrs. Robinson's is indefinitely postponed.

The Frohen Stunders will meet with Mrs. Henry Deisel next Thursday afternoon.

Henry Deisel, Jr., is home from Orchard Lake, Mich., where he attends the military academy, for the holidays.

Eltha Hiatt and wife, of Columbus, are spending the holidays with his son, C. A. Hiatt and wife, of east Market street.

TAKES IN EVERYTHING.

Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 24.—Announcement has been made that Hon. Willard D. Bain, who recently took control of the Memphis Evening Scimitar and, beginning next Monday the two papers will be consolidated as an afternoon journal, to be known as the News-Scimitar. The paper will also print a Sunday morning edition. The financial consideration has not been made public.

The Key That Unlocks the Door to Long Living.

The men of eighty-five and ninety years of age are not the round well-fed, but thin, spare men who live on a slender diet. Be as careful as a new wife, however, a man past middle age, will occasionally eat too much, or of some food not suited to his constitution, and will need a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets to cleanse and invigorate his stomach and regulate his liver and bowels. When this is done there is no reason why the average man should not live to old age. For sale by all druggists.

SHOOK'S

New Method Laundry.

A Merry Christmas

and

A Happy New Year

To All.

The Columbia Shoe Store

Wishes One and All

A Merry Christmas.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. Geo. Lantz and daughter Daisy, of Bellefontaine avenue, are spending the holidays with relatives at Columbus.

Mrs. Jacob Bogner, Miss Viola Elman, Miss Clara Kortner, and Miss Elizabeth Kortner, of Decatur, Ind., were the guests today of Mrs. Michael Touhey, of Greenlawn avenue.

Miss Anna Finn, who is attending School at the Ursuline Convent in Toledo, is home to spend the holiday vacation with her father, Mr. John Finn, of north Main street.

Mr. Job Taylor, who, for some time has been manager of the Lima Straw

Board Mill, and also acting manager of the mill at Anderson, Ind., has been transferred to New York City where he will enter the purchasing department of the United Box Board and Paper Co. Mr. Taylor will leave Monday to take up his new line of work.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Kelly, of Muncie, Ind., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. McCullough, over Xmas.

Miss Matilda P. McCoy, of the high school faculty left today to spend the holidays with her parents in Lancaster.

W. C. H. Foltz is home from Newark to spend Christmas.

Robert Higgins, arrived from Marion today, to visit relatives.

Ralph McManis came home from Dayton today to spend the holidays with friends.

SOCIETY and the CLUBS.

SOCIAL ARRANGEMENTS

Monday, December 26.
Miss Stevens, Cards.
College Boys' Dance.
Tuesday, December 27.
Miss Stevens, Cards.
Wednesday, December 28.
Criswell-Kent Wedding.
Mrs. Drake, Wednesday Night Club.
Haver-Herbst Nuptials.
Practice Club, Holiday Party.
Thursday, December 29.
Phi Beta Kappa Society Dance.
Miss Mary Longworth, Afternoon.
Friday, December 30.
Argyle Dance.

There has been a slight lull in things social during the past week and every one seemed to be down town doing Christmas shopping, and to-night from all indications, Santa Claus is ready to knock at the door. The next week will find much time devoted to the young people who have been coming in all week from their various schools.

Wednesday morning at ten thirty will occur the marriage of Miss Kathryn Hoyer and Mr. Charles Herk at the home of the bride's parents on west Market street.

Mrs. Decker, of Watertown, N. Y., is the guest of Mrs. Smith, of west Market street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Beach have as their guests Misses Corinne Boger, of Findlay, and Katherine De Wolfe, of Fostoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Baird will spend Christmas with relatives in Louisville, Ky.

Miss Marjorie Hackborn, who is studying art in Indianapolis and Mr. Baird Hackborn, who is attending Miami University are home to spend the holidays with their father, Mr. H. B. Hackborn.

The holiday party of the Practice Club, will be given at the Auditorium, Wednesday, December 28. The affair will assume an air of formality and Frey's orchestra will furnish the music.

Miss Mangiven, of Dunkirk, Ohio, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. T. D. Robb.

Wedding Anniversary.
Mr. and Mrs. Enoch G. Connor and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bacher jointly celebrated their ninth wedding anniversary on Monday evening at the home of the former on north Washington street. About forty-five people responded to the invitations and were following neat and interesting program bearing a tiny wedding bell in one corner, was listened to with profound interest.

Vocal Solo.....Mr. Deisel
Vocal Solo.....Mrs. Elbersole
Reading.....Little Miss Helen Connor
Piano Solo.....Miss Miesse
Vocal Solo.....Mr. Connor
Reading.....Mrs. Crumrine
Vocal Solo.....Mr. Elbersole
Vocal Solo.....Mrs. Connor
Character Sketches.....
.....Little Miss Wilma Crumrine.

All numbers were enjoyed and kind responses to. The house was prettily and artistically decorated in roses, carnations, ferns, holly and Christmas balls. An elaborate two-course lunch was served at tables placed in the different parlors brought a long-to-be-remembered evening's entertainment to a close.

Mrs. Gus Kath, who has been in the East for the last six weeks, the guest of relatives will be joined by her husband and together they will spend the holidays with friends in New York.

Tampa Bradentown and points along the coast of Florida are being sought by many Lima people, who enjoy the balmy breezes from the Gulf of Mexico. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Richie left last week and Miss Marie Gover and Mrs. A. A. Lowellyn left early this week to spend the winter there.

Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Cuthbert and Ronald left Thursday for Newark, N. J. to spend Christmas with relatives.

Mr. Ed. Austin is spending the holidays with his sister Mrs. Miesse of south Collett street.

The Cofflin Dancing club gave their holiday party at the Auditorium on Tuesday evening. The excellent music was furnished by an orchestra of stringed, instruments, and oysters, sandwiches and coffee were served during the intermission.

Friends of Miss Nell Albright, who lived in Lima, during her father's

The Argyle club will hold its first dance of the season, and holiday party at the Auditorium next Friday evening.

TWO SONGS, TWO AUTHORS.

Columbus, O., Dec. 24.—The dispute as to whether A. C. Ross, of Zanesville, or O. B. Woodbury, wrote the famous campaign song of 1890, known as "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too," has led to the discovery that there were two songs of that name. That of Woodbury shows from the words that it was written after the Maine election of that year, while that by Mr. Ross was printed long before that election, is that it is probable that the song of the Wisconsin man was merely a paraphrase of the original Ohio production.

ALFONSO HAD NARROW ESCAPE.

Exploits of Young King Are Constant Source of Care to His Mother.

Madrid, Dec. 21.—King Alfonso had a narrow escape while riding in a motor car on the Prado, yesterday. A wheel of the car which he was driving personally, suddenly broke and the car overturned, but the king escaped uninjured. King Alfonso is an exceptionally daring driver and his source of anxiety to the queen mother and the ministers. He has a predilection for taking trips generally taking as his own chauffeur. Recently the king announced his intention of making a motor car trip throughout his province unattended, but the plan was dropped because Senor Saura who then was premier, threatened to resign as he feared an anarchist outrage. The king has had several narrow escapes.

ADVANCED PRICE.

Pittsburg, Dec. 24.—The American Sheet and Tin Plate Co., has advanced black sheets and tin plate \$2 a ton, the new prices going into effect today. Galvanized sheets were advanced \$3 a ton a week ago and were not included in the present rate. This fixes the minimum price of black sheets No. 28 gauge at \$2.30 a hundred pounds and galvanized sheets of No. 28 gauge remain at \$2.35 a hundred pounds. As the workers receive a sliding scale, the advance will increase their wages two per cent.

CHRISTMAS DANCES MONDAY.

Don't forget the big Christmas dance at the Auditorium Monday afternoon and night. Prices, afternoon, gentlemen 25c, ladies 15c; night, gentlemen 50c ladies free. Frey's orchestra.

Frey's orchestra, big crowd and a good time at the Auditorium, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Richmond, of London, Ohio, are the guests of the dishes Dismant, of east Market street, for a few days.

Mr. George Vail is home from Cleveland, where he is attending school to spend Christmas.

Mrs. William Hay and daughters, and Miss Eva Deisel came home from Indianapolis this week, where the young ladies are studying at Tudor Hall.

Misses Elsie Robinson, Pearl Grosman and Hazel Hoyer are home from Hollins Institute, Roanoke, Va., for the holidays.

Miss Mary Stevens has issued invitation for an afternoon at cards on Tuesday.

Mrs. Carl Lavey, of Toledo, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Frank Banta, of west Market street.

Mrs. Charles Johnson and daughter, of Oberlin, are guests of Mrs. Asa Catt during the holiday.

Mrs. H. Netzeorg and daughter, Miss Wilham are guests of Mrs. S. Ringold, of Maude, Ind. Miss Netzeorg will remain during the winter.

Mrs. Herbert Wilcox and daughter, Elain, and Miss Charlotte Steffens of Rhineclander, Wis., are the guests of Prof. S. S. Steffens and family.

Messrs Harry and Bernard O'Connor are home from Western Reserve at Cleveland to spend the holidays.

Misses Susan Humston and Florence Campbell are home from Fairbault, Minn.

Mr. Job Taylor, who has for several years been connected with the American Straw Board Co. has been transferred to New York City. The change comes in the nature of an advancement for Mr. Taylor.

The Evening Buchre will meet with Miss Mary Stevens, west North street, Monday afternoon at 2:30.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Deming, of Ada, will spend Christmas with Mr. and E. S. Kiek.

QUIET Christmas Day at Y. M. C. A., The New Year Will Offer a Splendid Program.

An Open House to Which the Public Will Be Cordially Invited.

Representative Team Putting in Earnest Practice for Big Game With Chicago Central Y. M. C. A.

Christmas day will be very quiet at the Association building. The building will be open from 2:30 to 5 p. m. All the usual activities will be absent. Watch for the New Year's day program.

Monday, December 26th, arrangements have been made to hold a checker tournament for the championship of Northwestern Ohio. It will begin at 2 p. m. A large number of visitors have sent word that they will be here. The public is invited to attend.

The second term of the Educational classes which have been so successful this past term, opens January 8th, a complete prospectus can be had by calling at the Association office.

A collector in a local bank about one and one-half years ago said he did not have time to take the night school and spent his evenings at home doing nothing. This week a bookkeeper was wanted in the bank, the collector was the man who should have been moved to the position. But he did not understand bookkeeping and his penmanship was not very good. For these reasons a man from outside of the bank secured the place. Why? because the collector did not improve his spare time in preparing himself for the advancement when it would come.

The Young Men's club will not hold its meeting on next Sunday. The New Year's banquet has been postponed owing to the large number of fellows who will be out of the city during the holidays. A definite date will be announced at the regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on January 1st.

Holiday week at the gymnasium will be a week given over mostly to recreative work, games, etc. Aside from the

classes which will be held as per schedule, the gymnasium will be open to all members of the Association 16 years of age and over each afternoon from 2 to 4 for basket ball or any other work desired. Monday morning at 9 o'clock the two Junior classes are invited to combine for a morning of fun, games, relay races, etc.

Basket ball games, scrub game, E. Junior Reys. vs. Royals; 1. Mills vs. Maroons; Reys. vs. Intermediates.

Tuesday night at 8:15 there will appear on the Auditorium floor one of the fastest basket ball teams in the world. This is the Chicago Central Y. M. C. A. team, which won the Y. M. C. A. International basket ball championship at St. Louis last August. Against them will be lined up the local Y. M. C. A. team. Preceding the game and during the intermission there will be a short musical and gymnastic program. Following are the numbers to be given:

Overture.
Vocal Solo.....Miss Leah Arthur
Indian Club Swinging, Mr. Earl Rohn
Mandolin Solo.....Prof. C. A. Van Ness
Basket Ball.....First Half
Wrong End Up Race.
Basket Ball.....Second Half
The reserved seat sale is now on at the Y. M. C. A.

Wednesday 9 a. m., all members of the Intermediate class are invited to the gymnasium for a genuine good time. Basket ball, dodge ball, back pass, relay races, etc. Reys. vs. Maroons.

Saturday 9 a. m. E. Juniors, 10 a. m. basket ball, Boy Reys. vs. Maroons. 7 p. m. apparatus work. 8:30 p. m. basket ball.

The last gathering of the "Get-Two" club for this year was enjoyed by over forty of the members Tuesday evening, while they ate oysters and rent the air with predictions as to which side, Russians or Japs, would have to serve the final supper. As the results then was only one in favor of the Russians the outcome will be watched with interest. The standing will now be kept secret until January 1st, when the losing side will meet for the purpose of arranging the final supper which will be the second Tuesday in January, so the Club decided at the last meeting.

It is hoped that all members of the Association in general, and of the "Get-Two" club in particular, will be present both January 1st, and 2nd. The latter date especially should be set aside as it is an "Open House" day with the Association every where and Lima is no exception to the rule.

It is a day when the building is filled with guests, when strangers come to see and hear what the Association is doing. For this reason members should be present in force to see that every visitor receives proper attention and that the best possible impression be made. When guests come to your

YULETIDE IN GOTHAM

Monday, Many Dinners To the Poor Will Be Given.

Giving Spirit Is Rampant.

Purchases Made on Liberal Scale, and Sales Were of More Substantial Character Than Ever Before. Express Companies Are Swamped by Avalanche of Packages.

New York, Dec. 24.—Express companies and suburban package carriers doing business in this city, have been swamped in an avalanche of Christmas packages. Mountains of parcels are piled up in the transfer offices and although extra men and wagons are at work the accumulation seems to grow larger instead of smaller.

That many parcels containing gifts will not be delivered before the middle of next week is admitted by the express officials. Delivery systems operated by many of the large retail shops will be at work throughout Sunday and Monday, checking up Christmas shopping reached its high tide on Friday, and according to Morcan's retail district report, the sales this year have passed all records from early in the morning until ten o'clock at night, crowds of eager buyers filled the stores. Articles suitable for gifts were snapped up hurriedly, and the unprecedented demand left many stores short of goods that were ordinarily left over to be disposed at bargain sales after the holidays. Men who were caught in the vortex of a crush of women shoppers in narrow aisles or near the elevator of the big stores, wished they had remained at home. Side walks in the shopping districts were moving masses of humanity. Surface cars and elevated trains were jammed with passengers and the subway shared in the rush. When the homeward rush

some you wish to do everything possible for their comfort and pleasure, and as the Association is in a certain sense the home of its members, so it is up to them to see to it that no visitor goes away displeased. Many a young man will come to the building on this day perhaps for the first time. If he meets with a cordial reception, becomes acquainted with a few good fellows he will wish to return and become a part of an Association where things are so pleasant and agreeable. The program will be attractive and interesting and it will no doubt be a gala day for the Association and its friends. Plan to have as many of your friends come as possible.

THE DEISEL-WEMMER CO.

WANTS 100 GIRLS TO LEARN THE CIGAR MAKING TRADE. WILL BE WELL PAID WHILE LEARNING. APPLY AT FACTORY BUILDING CORNER NORTH MAIN ST. AND PENN. R. R. 296-th-st-ft

EIGHT-SIXTY

Jesse Eugene Was Fined For His Escapade.

Jesse Eugene, a man who was locked up yesterday for drunkenness, inaugurated a "rough house" in the city prison, after he was locked up, by breaking up such of the furniture as was trail enough to be broken without the use of a sledge hammer. He pleaded guilty to a charge of drunkenness, this morning, and was fined \$8.60. He could not pay the amount and was committed to the city prison.

GARRETT WYKOFF LODGE NO. 585, F. & A. M.

State communication, Monday evening at 7 o'clock. Important business. All members in good standing invited. JOHN THOMAS, W. M. E. H. JOHNS, Secy.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

On next Sunday evening at 8 p. m., the regular bi-monthly Jewish services will be given again at the Donze hall. The subject of Rabbi David LeKowitz of Dayton will be "Lessons From the Life of Benjamin Disraeli." The public is invited.

FOOLKILLER

Was Due Long Before He Arrived.

Husband of Dead Woman Tells Wierd Story.

The Shell Had Been Used as Paper Weight, Nut Cracker and Children's Rattle, All Supposing It to Be Empty.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 24.—Thomas E. Barnes whose wife was instantly killed in their home, Thursday, by the explosion of a "one pounder" shell, today, told a remarkable story of the history of the shell. It had been in his wife's family, he said, for a number of years before her marriage, her brother, Wm. Mahue having brought it home as a curio when he was an apprentice in the navy. When Miss Mahue was married to Barnes, she brought the shell to her new home with her other possessions. Mr. Barnes says he has used it repeatedly to crack nuts with, that the family used it for a paper weight and that "There was something inside," he said, "that rattled and the children would amuse themselves by shaking it. I have seen it fall out of the baby's crib to the floor many times. During all these years there was never a suspicion that it was not an empty shell like three similar cartridges that had been in my wife's family."

Everybody will be at the Auditorium, Monday.

ATTENTION.

All members of the Lima Choral Society are earnestly requested to meet Sunday at choral hall at 3 p. m. Dec. 25th, for practice for the Elstedford. The last practice for Messiah will be held Monday, Dec. 26th, at 2 p. m. at the Congregational church, with full orchestra. It is important that every member be there for these two practices. By order of **BOARD OF DIRECTORS.**

The big crowd will be at the Auditorium, Monday.



Sammy— Well, yes, I do cut quite a figure on the skating pond.

The Yellow Holly

By FERGUS HUME,
Author of "The Mystery of a
Hansom Cab," Etc.

Copyright, 1905, by C. W. Dillingham Company

(Continued.)

"I do," replied George curtly. "It is hard," said Mrs. Ward, with a deep sigh. "To see a child leave its parent. But you love her, you have won her." Here she rose and, raising Dorothy from her knees, gave her to George. "Take her, George, and with her take a mother's blessing."

The idea of Mrs. Ward's blessing was too much for Walter, and he went off into a shriek of laughter which ended in his leaving the room. George was quite unmoved. He thanked Mrs. Ward and kissed Dorothy. Then he took her to a distant seat near the window, where they could talk sensibly. Lord Derrington was left to console the afflicted mother. This he proceeded to do immediately.

"And, you did it well," he said, looking at the pretty woman. "I don't believe Miss Terry or Mrs. Siddons could have done it better."

Mrs. Ward saw that it was useless to hide the truth from this keen-eyed old man any longer. "Oh, don't be nasty," she said plaintively and rattled up to him. "Of course I wanted Dorothy to marry Walter, but George does just as well."

"Well," said Derrington, "you care very little about Dorothy, and you don't like George. When they are married you must stop away as much as is consistent with your feelings."

"I'll do what I like," said Mrs. Ward beginning to nip her foot. "No; I don't think you will. You threatened me in this room."

"I was only playing a game," protested Mrs. Ward. "Well, I can play a game also. Mrs. Jersey has left behind her a confession in which she details how you managed to cheat your sister, Miss Bull. If you don't leave that couple severely alone I shall show the confession to Dorothy."

"I never did anything to my sister," Mrs. Jersey tells lies. Derrington made a gesture of disgust. "There—there," he said, "what is the use of talking further? Things are settled. When Dorothy and George are married I'll see what I can do for you."

"Oh, thank you, dear Lord Derrington," she said artlessly and pressing his arm. "I know you are the most generous of men. But I really can't stop talking here all day. She rustled over to Dorothy. "My darling, I must go and do some shopping. No; you can stay here. I will call again in an hour."

"Walter, I hope you bear me no grudge," a fellow," he answered in a rather whining manner, "but you and I got on well together, so I would rather it was you than another fellow. And what about my income?" asked Walter.

"You will have what you have now," said Derrington. "Don't bother me about the matter. You and George can settle it between you."

Considering how he had been ousted, Walter really took things very calmly. But he had not enough vigor to protest. He sighed. His grandfather had cowed him, and Walter profoundly admired his newly found cousin, who did not hesitate to stand up to the despot. He began to think it was a good thing that George had come into the family. He would at least save him—Walter—from constant bullying. This interesting family council was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Ward, as pert and pretty as ever. She had quite recovered her spirits, and knowing that Derrington would say nothing about the card cheating or about the San Remo matter, she was prepared to be as insolent as she dared. But she was quite determined not to cross swords again with the old man.

As it was, she came sailing in with the prettiest air in the world and held out both hands. "My dear Lord Derrington, how well you are looking! How—here her astonished eyes fell on George. "You!" said Mrs. Ward, aghast. "Mr. Brendon, and here?"

"Not Mr. Brendon," said Derrington, enjoying her confusion, "but my grandson, George Vane."

Dorothy, who had remained below to give some instructions to the footman, entered the room just in time to hear this announcement. She flew to her lover. "My dearest George, I am glad, glad, so glad, and before then I will kiss him. Mrs. Ward screamed: "Dorothy! What manners!"

"Very good manners," said Derrington coolly, "seeing that they are natural. Well, Mrs. Ward, George, my grandson and heir," added the old man with emphasis, "has something to say to you."

"Really, I shall be most happy to hear it," George took his cue. "I have to ask you for the hand of your daughter Dorothy," he said.

"Really," said Mrs. Ward again, "I don't know. I fancied that Walter, you see?" And she cast her eyes on the next little man.

"Oh, I scratch," said Walter, in his elegant way. "There's no fighting against George. He has all the luck."

"You call him George?" "Why shouldn't I? He's my cousin, the head of the house."

"When I go to my long home," finished Derrington. "Well, Mrs. Ward, do you consent to the match?"

"Do, mother," said Dorothy imploringly. Knowing what Derrington knew and how obstinate both lovers were, Mrs. Ward did not see very well what else she could do. After a few sobs and having squeezed a few tears she cried to her daughter in a muffled voice expressive of deep emotion. "Dorothy, my dear child, do you love George?"

"Yes," said Dorothy simply. "You know I love him."

"George, do you love my child?"

"I do," replied George curtly. "It is hard," said Mrs. Ward, with a deep sigh. "To see a child leave its parent. But you love her, you have won her." Here she rose and, raising Dorothy from her knees, gave her to George. "Take her, George, and with her take a mother's blessing."

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"Very good manners," said Derrington coolly, "seeing that they are natural. Well, Mrs. Ward, George, my grandson and heir," added the old man with emphasis, "has something to say to you."

"Really, I shall be most happy to hear it," George took his cue. "I have to ask you for the hand of your daughter Dorothy," he said.

"Really," said Mrs. Ward again, "I don't know. I fancied that Walter, you see?" And she cast her eyes on the next little man.

"Oh, I scratch," said Walter, in his elegant way. "There's no fighting against George. He has all the luck."

"You call him George?" "Why shouldn't I? He's my cousin, the head of the house."

"When I go to my long home," finished Derrington. "Well, Mrs. Ward, do you consent to the match?"

"Do, mother," said Dorothy imploringly. Knowing what Derrington knew and how obstinate both lovers were, Mrs. Ward did not see very well what else she could do. After a few sobs and having squeezed a few tears she cried to her daughter in a muffled voice expressive of deep emotion. "Dorothy, my dear child, do you love George?"

"Yes," said Dorothy simply. "You know I love him."

"George, do you love my child?"

and I have been a lonely man all my life."

It was a sad case. George wished to get at the truth, but he was so sorry for Ireland, who had passed so many miserable years, that he did not like to inflict more pain. Nevertheless it was necessary to learn if Ireland had really visited Mrs. Jersey on that night so as to set Bawdsey's mind at rest. If George did not learn the truth Bawdsey might attempt the discovery, and he would handle the old man in a much worse manner than George was likely to do. While pondering how he could set about his unpleasant task George was saved from making the first step, always the most difficult, by an observation from Ireland, which paved the way to an explanation.

"How did you discover the church?" he asked him.

"In rather a queer way. Lola Velez," Ireland opened his eyes, which had been closed, and looked up. "Who is Lola Velez?" he asked anxiously.

"She is a dancer whom I helped—oh, quite in a proper way, Mr. Ireland. You know the name?"

Ireland, contrary to George's expectation, nodded. "There was a woman in San Remo about the time of your father's death. She was called Velez and was in love with him."

"He seems to have been a fascinating man," said George, smiling, to set Ireland at his ease. "But this Lola is the daughter of the woman you mention. It was she who found the church."

By this time Ireland was quite awake and keenly anxious for details. "How did she learn its name?" he demanded quickly.

"She found it in the confession of Mrs. Jersey."

Ireland snapped the paper cutter he was holding, and, leaning back in his chair, looked anxiously at George. "What do you mean?"

"Well," replied the young man, keeping his eyes fixed on Ireland's face, "it seems that Mrs. Jersey left a confession behind her as to what took place at San Remo."

"Who has that confession?" "I have! I got it from Lola!"

"And how did she manage to obtain it?"

For answer George related how Lola had called to see Mrs. Jersey, and how she had managed to steal the confession. "It was from reading it," finished George, "that she learned of the church in which my parents were married. Desiring that I should marry her, and thinking I would not do so were my birth proved, she went to the church to destroy the registers. She was caught with torn leaves and arrested."

"Arrested?" "Yes. I wonder you did not see the case reported in the papers."

"I have been too ill to read the papers lately," said Ireland, looking round the room in rather a helpless way, "and none of my servants told me. What happened?"

"Oh, Lola was left off with a small fine. She is now back dancing at her music hall. She gave the confession to me."

"Did any one else see it—the authorities?"

"No. You can set your mind at rest, Mr. Ireland. I got it from Lola before she was taken to prison. No one had seen it but myself and Lord Derrington."

Ireland drew a long breath of relief. "You made a strange remark just now, George," he said, not looking at the young man. "You told me to set my mind at rest. Why did you say that?"

"I have read the confession," said George quietly.

"Then you know?" "I know that my father's death was due to an accident."

"What! Did that wretched woman tell the truth?"

"And she did not accuse me of having murdered your father?"

"No. She did not. I suppose she thought it was as well to go to her long home with as few sins as possible on her conscience."

"Thank God for that," said Ireland. "George," he said in faltering tones, "I have suffered greatly on account of this most unhappy accident. Your father and I were not very good friends, as I found it difficult to forgive him for having taken me the woman I loved. But at San Remo we got on better together. I stifled my resentment so that I might see as much of you as possible, George. Knowing that I was not on good terms with Vane, I thought that Mrs. Jersey might have accused me of the crime. She did try to get money out of me."

"So Bawdsey told me," "Bawdsey. Who is he?"

"I forgot you don't know. He is a detective who has been looking after the case on behalf of Lord Derrington. I learn from the confession of Mrs. Jersey that he is her husband."

"George hates. I remember. She told me she married him and went to America. It was after her return from America that she tried to get money out of me. I refused. Not that I did not realize the danger to which she could expose me, but I knew that if I once yielded I would be in her power. Besides, I had a defense, as she got the stiletto from the woman Velez."

"And it was with that same stiletto that Mrs. Jersey was killed."

"By whom?" asked Ireland. "Did her husband?"

"No. We do not know who killed her. Perhaps you may know?"

"Ireland looked genuinely surprised. "No. How should I know?"

"Well," said George, "afterwards, it seems that Bawdsey has got it into his head that you were about this confession. That you were afraid it would be published after her death and that you went to the house at that night to get it. He doesn't exactly accuse you of the murder, but..."

"I don't know what else you would call his statements but accusations," retorted Ireland, with some heat, "but I never was near the house. I certainly thought that Mrs. Jersey might leave some such confession, but I never..."

er asked her about it.

"Then you cannot guess who killed her?"

"No. I was never near the house. I was in bed and asleep. My servants will tell you."

"I need not ask them," said George quickly. "I never thought you were guilty, and I only came to receive your assurance so that I might tell Bawdsey and prevent him troubling you."

"If Bawdsey comes here I'll soon make short work of him," said Ireland sharply. "I am not afraid."

"You need not be. Mrs. Jersey's own confession exonerates you."

"I don't mind even that. I would have faced the worst had it to be faced. I never was a coward except in one thing." He paused and looked thoughtfully at George. "I shrink from telling you how I was the unhappy cause of your father's death."

"You were not the cause, in my opinion, Mrs. Jersey was the cause."

"Well, I thought you would shrink from me if I told you."

"I do know all, and I do not shrink from you," replied George, leaning across the desk to shake Ireland's hand. "It was a pure accident and has been related by your enemy."

"I am so glad the truth is known to you at last," faltered the old man, "and that you see how unconsciously I..."

George cleared his throat and began, with a most important air: "I rather agreed with your idea that Margery might be guilty," he said, "and when I turned it over in my own mind I thought it more and more probable. I therefore determined to get Margery alone and work on her fears. Well, it was this morning in the sitting room, Miss Bull had gone out and left Margery to make up some accounts. The girl was laboring away at them and getting into a hopeless mess. I came to speak with her and offered to do them. I soon put the accounts to rights and then began to talk of Miss Bull."

"Why of Miss Bull?" "Why—Bawdsey pinched his lip—"I thought at the time that Margery was guilty, and that if in talking to her I laid the blame on Miss Bull the girl would speak out."

"Well, you accused Miss Bull of the crime?" "In a way I did. Margery denied it."

"What did you say?" "That she might as well confess. I declared that I had evidence to prove Miss Bull's guilt, and that she would be arrested when she came back. I declare, Mr. Vane, I thought the girl would strike me. She was like a wild cat."

"I wish she had," growled George. "She said if I arrested Miss Bull she would kill me. I said, 'As you killed your aunt.' She up and said: 'Yes, I did kill her. Miss Bull is innocent and you know she is.' Of course, when she admitted the fact, I at once began to suspect Miss Bull."

"Why did you do that?" "Because if Margery had been guilty she would not have owned up. But if Miss Bull was guilty, Margery would certainly take the guilt on herself. While Margery was threatening me and taking the guilt on herself, Miss Bull came in. That stupid girl ran to her and fell at her feet crying that I knew all, but that she would die for her dear Miss Bull."

"And what did the woman say?" "She asked me if I knew. I said I did. She demanded how I found out. I told her that that was my business. She began to sob and a sob and a sob. I was blinding. She would have held her tongue, but Margery was in such terror for her friend that she came out with the whole story."

"The girl is half-witted. All this may not be true."

"Oh, yes, it is. When Miss Bull saw that the game was up she sat down and admitted that she had killed Mrs. Jersey. She also said that she was glad the truth had come to light."

"She was raving," said George incredulously.

"No; she wasn't. She told me the whole story in the calmest manner, just as though she were asking me to have a cup of tea. Then she asked me to send for and sit down to play patience. She is desperately anxious to see you."

George shuddered and followed Bawdsey down the stairs. It seemed terrible to him that such a fragile little creature as Miss Bull should be subjected to this disgrace. He did not condone her crime. She had acted wrongly and must take the consequences. But he could not forget that she was Dorothy's aunt, and he wished he could see some way of rescuing her from this dreadful position.

Miss Bull was, as Bawdsey had stated, playing patience. Seated at the very table where her victim had sat, she dealt the cards and seemed quite interested in the game. Margery was seated in a chair near at hand, looking with fearful eyes into the face of her friend. Beyond the fact that Miss Bull was whiter than usual she showed no signs of emotion.

"You have come, George," she said, addressing him by his name. "I am glad to see you. Mr. Bawdsey, you may go."

Bawdsey shrugged his shoulders and, with a glance at George, went out. After all, he had heard the story before and did not particularly care to hear it again. Besides, Bawdsey was a sturdy man, and he felt sorry that he had proceeded to such extremities.

Miss Bull shuffled her pack of cards and laid them away in a box. "I shall play that game no more. I have been playing patience all my life, but the end has come, and I am glad it has come. I suppose you were astonished when Mr. Bawdsey told you?" said she, looking with piercing eyes at Bawdsey.

"I was. I never thought that you—"

"That I would kill Mrs. Jersey," finished the woman quietly. "Why not? She was a bad, wicked creature, and she caused the death of your father. She..."

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"You must mean Margery," said George after a time.

"No, I don't," replied Bawdsey in a determined voice. "I mean Miss Bull, as you know her, Miss Jenny Howard."

"But what reason?" "Ah, that's a long story! She shall tell you herself."

"Have you had her arrested?" "Not yet. But she will be arrested before the end of the day. I have at last communicated with Scotland Yard. It was just about Margery..."

that put me on the scent," Bawdsey said, with great complacency, "though, to be sure, I had my suspicions before. It was to watch Miss Bull that I came here."

"What made you think that she was guilty?"

"Well, it seemed to me that she was the only person who could have killed Eliza. She and Eliza hated one another because of their mutual love for your father."

George growled. What a lot of trouble his father had caused with his handsome looks and charming manners! Even after his death the fatal attraction he exercised seemed to bring about disaster. "She did not kill Mrs. Jersey on that account," he said.

"Wait till you hear. She will tell you. In fact, she asked me to send for you, as she wishes to speak."

"Let me hear how you came to learn that this poor creature struck the blow. You say that it was some remark I made which?"

"Yes, it was," said Bawdsey eagerly, throwing himself into a seat. "Your remark that Margery might be guilty."

"One moment," interrupted George in his turn. "I may tell you that I have seen Mr. Ireland, and he declares that he never was near the house on that night, that he knew nothing of the confession, and that he had no hatchet. He is innocent."

"Now that I have heard Miss Bull I know that, sir. She's the one."

"Well, and how did you find out?" Bawdsey cleared his throat and began, with a most important air: "I rather agreed with your idea that Margery might be guilty," he said, "and when I turned it over in my own mind I thought it more and more probable. I therefore determined to get Margery alone and work on her fears. Well, it was this morning in the sitting room, Miss Bull had gone out and left Margery to make up some accounts. The girl was laboring away at them and getting into a hopeless mess. I came to speak with her and offered to do them. I soon put the accounts to rights and then began to talk of Miss Bull."

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"What

AMUSEMENTS.

Monday—"Escaped From the Harem."
 Tuesday—"Rachel Goldstein."
 Wednesday—"Byrne Bros." "Eight Bells."
 Friday—"Gus Sun's Minstrels."
 Saturday—"The Great Lafayette."

When James H. Wallick's production, "Escaped From the Harem," is shown at the Faurot opera house, it will be played by Miss Louise Beaton, a young actress who has attracted much favorable comment by her previous good work, and a strong supporting company. The scenic effects are



The plot of the play is that of a young Jewish girl, who, in emigrating to America with her father, meets with many startling adventures. In the end the girl develops into an accomplished and beautiful young woman, and marries the man of her choice.

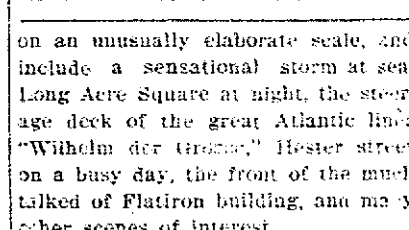
seen at the Faurot opera house Monday matinee and evening, the local theatregoers will have their first opportunity of witnessing the latest of Chas. A. Taylor, the famous writer of successful melodramas. The production has caused much comment everywhere. The play opens with a rural scene, the home of the Rev. Hiram Page, changing to Broadway, New York City in front of the Casino Theatre; from there we are ushered into the well-known Gaiety club, a place long in dispute with the police department of that city. The remainder of the play shows scenes laid in Persia including a most realistic harem scene. Introducing a number of very pretty girls, a circus tent with the usual side shows, dressing rooms, etc., are shown in the last act. The company is composed of twenty-five people, and the scenery requires a 60 foot baggage car transported from city to city.

Sensationalism is the predominant feature of A. H. Woods' magnificent production of Theo. Kromer's stirring melodrama "Rachel Goldstein," or

notice, in the play there is a storm at sea, a thrilling murder, a horse-chipping scene, and many other exciting incidents. "Rachel Goldstein"

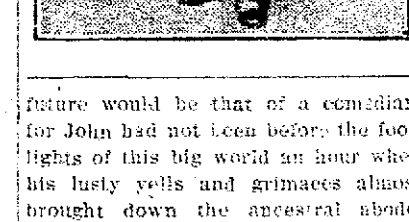


by and crime, 837 of the former and 307 of the latter had rarely, if ever, visited the theatre. The writer continues, claims that an afternoon or evening spent at the theatre is better than a dose of medicine for those who are suffering from any nervous disorder. The argument of this gentleman if one would stop to think, is not only plausible but quite possible. It certainly is a diversion for the overworked mind and of necessity must be productive of good results. The owners of theatres and traveling company managers should be a unit in favor of the above argument. To those who are not in the habit of attending the theatre, and are desirous of testing this theory, we would suggest that they attend the performance of the Sun Minstrels, which will appear at the Faurot opera house next Friday evening, Dec. 30. This organization has fun doctors who will make you forget every ache or pain.



on an unusually elaborate scale, and include a sensational storm at sea, Long Acre Square at night, the storage deck of the great Atlantic liner "Wilhelm der Grosser," Hester street on a busy day, the front of the much-talked-of Flatiron building, and many other scenes of interest.

In the novel production of "Eight Bells" which is to come to the Faurot opera house next Wednesday evening, John Byrne, one of the brothers Byrne, as a comedian has proven himself a success time and time again. He says his father foretold that his



future would be that of a comedian, for John had not been before the footlights of this big world an hour when his lusty yells and grimaces abundantly brought down the ancestral shade. Mr. Byrne started in the circus and naturally has all the bustling attributes that everyone associated with the sawdust acquires. He is also a comedian who takes to athletics, for all his funny work is in that line. During the summer, to keep himself in trim, he spends a dozen weeks at his home in Norwich, Conn., where he has a large "practice room." There he has all the paraphernalia of a gym-

A feature of "The Girl and the Bandit" which the Frank L. Perley Opera Company will produce here at Faurot opera house, January 6th, is the climbing scene in the first act, in which eight young women descend from the balcony of an old Italian palace to meet their lovers who are a number of Italian noblemen.

The girls are students in the seminary and are the daughters of American millionaires sent there to be under the care of Princessa di Villemonte while awaiting the purchase of a husband and a title by their wealthy parents. They make a clandestine engagement to meet the young noblemen and go with them to the carnival which

in this way Mrs. Tyler makes most emphatic her belief that after all Cupid conquers Midas every time.

"Under Southern Skies" like all of Lottie Blair Parker's plays has the ring of human emotions. Sentiment that is healthy and amuses—pathos that is real, not strained for effect—all characteristic of the location where her scenes are laid.

"The Mummy and the Hummingbird," which will be presented here soon conveys no idea of its character by its title. Some people think it is a comic opera; other, a farce comedy; but those in the know can tell you that it is one of the greatest comedies ever written. It is an absorbingly human play with a high moral to it, its story is as old as the world is old, but in the telling of it there is much that is both new and novel.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement. "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, pastor Central Pres. church, Helena, Mont.

After using Ely's Cream Balm six weeks I believe myself cured of catarrh.—Joseph Stewart, Grand avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Balm does not irritate or cause sneezing. Sold by druggists at 50c or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

FINEST OF CLEAR HAVANA CIGARS IN ALL SIZE BOXES AT THE LIMA HOUSE CIGAR STAND. 13c

All druggists guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to anyone who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant and safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia. nov1-4m

THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT IS PUBLISHED EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR EXCEPT SUNDAY. WE NEVER MISS NOR POSTPONE. THROUGH OUR MEMBERSHIP IN THE ASSOCIATED PRESS WE ARE KEPT IN CLOSE TOUCH WITH THE HAPPENINGS IN THE ENTIRE OUTER WORLD EVERY MINUTE OF EVERY DAY, AND READERS OF THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT ARE GIVEN THIS INFORMATION EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

NOTICE.

All members of The You Go I Go club are requested to meet at the residence of Mrs. Perry Mulvey, 239 South Main street, Tuesday 7:30 p. m. Business of importance.

Coughs, Colds and Consumption.
 Few people realize when taking cough medicines other than Foley's Honey and Tar, that they contain opiates which are constipating besides being unsafe, particularly for children. Foley's Honey and Tar contains no opiates, is safe and sure, and will not constipate. Don't be imposed upon by taking substitutes, some of them are dangerous. Sold by H. F. Vorkamp and Wm. Melville.

Blankets and storm brizards at Lindsmith & Co. 1t

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

The Lake Erie and Western railroad company will sell for Christmas and New Years holidays, excursion tickets on its own and connecting lines at the very low rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold on the 24th, 25th, 26th and 31st, 1904, and January 1st and 2nd, 1905, limited going to date of sale, and good returning up to and including January 4th, 1905. For further information as to rates, routes, etc., call on agent L. E. & W. R. R., or address H. J. Rhein, G. P. A. 35-tt

Children eat, sleep and grow after taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Brings rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, good health and strength. A tonic for sickly children. 35 cents, tea or tablets. H. F. Vorkamp.

When you need a pill it is always best to buy the best. Dade's Little Liver Pills are the best. Try them. They have a way of their own. Sold by H. F. Vorkamp, druggist.

A FINE CHRISTMAS PRESENT

For your boy or girl. A scholarship in Lima College. Good in any department at anytime. Winter term begins January 3rd, 1905. For particulars, call on or address The Lima College Co., room 14, Central building, Lima, Ohio. 4-56-7t-w-100-2t

That Throbbing Headache
 Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for sick and nervous headaches. They make pure blood and build up your health. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by H. F. Vorkamp, druggist, corner of Main and North streets.

WINTER TERM.

At Lima Business College opens Jan. 2, 1905. Students assisted to positions over 200 last year. 47-3w

One of King's Dyspepsia Tablets after eating, even if you can eat but little, will digest the little you do eat, and cure indigestion, dyspepsia, sour stomach, belching and weak heart. Sold by H. F. Vorkamp, druggist.

FAUROT OPERA HOUSE

Wednesday, Dec. 28.

The Inimitable Acrobatic Comedians, Pantomimists and Acknowledged

Master Mirth Makers of the World.

—The Famous—

BROTHERS BYRNE,

In the Everlasting Laughing Success, that Rollicking, Hilarious, Whimsical, Pantomimic Nautical Comedy, the



NEW 8 BELLS.

The 20th Century Version.

Brimful of New and Startling Tricks, Transformations and Novel Vaudeville Features.

The Greatest Laughing Shew on Earth

SCALE OF PRICES:

Lower Boxes	\$1.00
Upper Boxes	75c
Orchestra and 3 rows Parquet	75c
Last 4 rows Parquet	50c
Balcony	50c
Gallery	25c

FAUROT OPERA HOUSE

Tuesday, December 27.

A. H. WOODS Presents the Charming Comedienne,

MISS LOUISE BEATON,

In the Sensational Comedy Drama, entitled

RACHEL GOLDSTEIN,

OR

THE STRUGGLE OF A POOR GIRL IN NEW YORK.



Presented by a strong acting cast. Wonderful Mechanical Effects. Ten Thousand Dollars spent in scenic effects.

A PLAY

THAT appeals to everybody.
 THAT is crowded with sensation.
 THAT presents life as it exists in the Great City of New York.
 THAT tells the tale of fame and fortune of a poor yiddish girl.
 THAT will live in memory forever.

SCALE OF PRICES:

Box Seats	75c
Entire Lower Floor	50c
Entire Balcony	35c
Gallery	25c

Seat Sale Opens Monday 9 a. m.

FAUROT OPERA HOUSE.

MATINEE AND NIGHT.

Monday, Dec. 26th.

The James H. Wallick
 Amusement Company
 PRESENTS



ESCAPED FROM THE HAREM

By the Prolific Writer, CHAS. A. TAYLOR.

A Powerful Play Devoid of the Worn Ideas.

An Elaborate Melodramatic Novelty.

SCALE OF PRICES.

MATINEE.	NIGHT.
Lower Box Seats.....\$1.00	Lower Boxes.....\$1.00
Upper Box Seats.....50c	Upper Boxes.....75c
Entire Lower Floor.....50c	Orchestra.....50c
Balcony.....35c	Parquet.....50c
Gallery.....25c	Balcony.....50c
	Wall Seats.....35c
	Gallery.....25c

Seats now on sale at box office.

nasium so that he will not "rust" when not on the road. The revolving ship in his play is hard work, both for those inside and the unfortunate stage hands, who have to keep it moving with a half-dozen people inside. When new actors and actresses join the company and make their first "voyage" in that "painted ship" upon a "painted ocean," they invariably get seasick. The stage hands too also want to know when she will arrive in port.

A leading writer in the London Lancet, a medical publication of the highest repute published in London, England contends that people who attend shows and various other entertainments, on the aggregate live from five to ten years longer than people who refrain from enjoyment obtained in this way. In the 1000 cases of insan-

is taking place in the city that evening. As they have been locked in by the careful chaperone they are forced to make use of the rose trellis which age has allowed to grow to the balcony of the palace.

The young ladies perform the feat with skill and with a facility, when one considers that they were trained to it by Frank Smithson who staged the opera. He was trained at West Point and there learned among other things including the vivisection of an isosceles triangle, the art of wall scaling, which brought fame to our army during the siege of Peking. He has taught the "hetresses" to descend to the ground in a manner that would do credit to the cleverest jack-tar afloat.

Upon reaching the ground each is greeted in turn by her real lover and



nasium so that he will not "rust" when not on the road. The revolving ship in his play is hard work, both for those inside and the unfortunate stage hands, who have to keep it moving with a half-dozen people inside. When new actors and actresses join the company and make their first "voyage" in that "painted ship" upon a "painted ocean," they invariably get seasick. The stage hands too also want to know when she will arrive in port.

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TEST Of Speed of Some Creatures of God's Creation Show the Little Flea the Fastest, While Desert Mouse, Which Can Jump Nearly 17,600 Yards In One Minute, Is Classed as Sec- ond, Followed by the Virginia Rainpiper As Third.

A European engineer, Joseph Olshausen, began about 15 years ago to measure the speeds of all creatures that he could study, and as a result he has collected a remarkable array of facts, each one based on absolute experiment, to show just how fast or slow hundreds of animals are:

He has found that man can attain remarkable speeds, but only by the use of artificial aids. A good pedestrian's speed over good roads, he says, is a sixteenth of a mile in 12 seconds. The German soldier covers a little more than three miles an hour during an ordinary march that does not last too long. But after an eight days' march the distance covered in a whole day often is only 18 3/4 miles. In quick step, however, the same soldiers have covered five miles an hour.

In athletes, the best speed recorded by the investigation was the initial velocity acquired by a broad jumper, who took the jump with a speed that carried him through the air at the rate of 333 inches in a second.

The maximum speed acquired by the average person in swimming comfortably is 39 inches a second, while swimmers in an eight-oared barge acquired a speed of 197 inches in a second.

Skaters average from 9 to 19 yards a second, while runners on skids have made as much as 24 yards in the same time, and the jumper on skids has developed almost 40 yards velocity in a second. Of course, the latter velocity is maintained only for a very short distance. The man who made this record jumped 120 feet.

Ice boats skim over the ice at velocities that have reached 36 yards a second, or more than a mile a minute.

The fastest that has been done on a bicycle is the record of 66 feet a second.

The horse can gallop six miles an hour for a considerable length of time. The swiftest dog in the world, the made record runs that show 75 feet in a second, while the gazelle has shown measured speed of more than 80 feet a second, which would give her a speed of 4,800 feet in a minute if she could keep it up for that distance.

The gazelle, however, swift as she is, is not as swift as the ostrich, for that homely but swift bird can run 98 feet to the second when he really gets down to it. But then he helps himself along with his wings, which may not be of much use for flying but are exceedingly helpful in running.

The whale, struck by a harpoon and sounding in terror, has been known to dive at the rate of 300 yards in a minute.

The Virginia rainpiper has made measured flights of 7500 yards a minute, and the European swallow has attained speeds of more than 8,000 yards.

A species of crow flies in great swarms from the German mainland over Heligoland every day, goes clear to the English coast and returns again every night. Close observation shows that these birds habitually fly 80 miles in three hours.

A species of falcon, known as the wandering falcon, flies from North Africa to Northern Germany in one unbroken flight, making the distance in 11 hours.

The slowest creatures are snails and certain small beetles. Some of them habitually move only a foot or two in an hour; but part of this slowness is due to the fact that they remain motionless at intervals. By

YOUR CHRISTMAS DINNER will not be complete without

Jell-O,

America's most popular dessert, which received Highest Award, Gold Medal, at St. Louis Exposition. An artistic table decoration that also pleases the palate. Very easy to prepare. Six choice flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Strawberry, Chocolate and Cherry. Order a package of each today from your grocer, 10c. When you make Ico Cream use Jell-O and CREAM Powder. All ingredients in the package. At all grocers. 2 pkgs. for 25c.

measuring the distances covered by snails when they were kept going constantly, it has been found that the maximum speed of a good healthy snail is 5 1/4 feet an hour.

The ladybug is a perfect race horse compared with this, for it climbs a blade of grass at the rate of almost 2 inches in a second, or nearly 16 feet in a minute.

That speed, by the way, is exactly the average rate of speed which Nansen's Polar ship Fram drifted with the ice during her voyage of two and one half years locked in the fies. And when Nansen left the Fram and pushed ahead with dog sleds he didn't do so much better, for he rarely made more than nine miles a day.

None of the speeds made for any length of time compare with speeds that are held for a second or a fraction of a second by some small creatures. Thus a jumping mouse found in the African desert leaps through the air at the rate of 800 feet in a second. Of course she clears only about 10 feet in a jump, and cannot keep up these jumps to any great length of time. Still, the little creature is swift enough to make a fast greyhound work hard for a quarter of an hour or so, till the mouse is wearied enough for him to outrun her.

Still quicker than this desert mouse is the common flea, which jumps with an initial velocity of 550 feet in a second. If the flea could keep this speed up steadily, without stopping once, it would cover almost 10 miles in a minute.

But even the flea's velocity is nothing when compared with the velocities in celestial space. Luminous clouds have made a measured speed of 15 miles a minute while earthquake shocks have been observed to move at rates reaching 600 yards a second. —Scientific American.

ALL SORTS OF WOOD

At the south Lima Handle Works. Big wood, little wood, dry wood, green wood, long wood, short wood. Lima telephone No. 91. 52-1f.

The health and fragrance and strength of the great pine forests are condensed in Pineules—a new discovery put up in a new way. A cure for all kidney, blood and bladder diseases, bacacism, lumbago, an every form of rheumatism. Pineules rid the system of impurities. Sold by H. F. Vortkamp, druggist.

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HAWESHER BROS.,
147 S. Main Street.
Phone No. 20. 61-2f

THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT IS PUBLISHED EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR EXCEPT SUNDAY. WE NEVER MISS NOR POSTPONE. THROUGH OUR MEMBERSHIP IN THE ASSOCIATED PRESS WE ARE KEPT IN CLOSE TOUCH WITH THE HAPPENINGS IN THE ENTIRE OUTER WORLD EVERY MINUTE OF EVERY DAY, AND READERS OF THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT ARE GIVEN THIS INFORMATION EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

ALPINE GUIDES.

The Trouble They Sometimes Have With Reckless Climbers.

The Alpine guide frequently risks his health, strength, even his life, for persons who may have been themselves the cause of the peril encountered. The qualities of a first class guide, says the author of "Adventures on the Roof of the World," include not only skill in climbing, but the ability to form sound conclusions in moments of danger. A certain climber tells an anecdote which bears on the importance of the guide's powers of judgment.

A member of the Alpine club was ascending a peak in company with an Oberland guide. Part of their course lay over a snow field which sank gradually on one side, sharply ended by a precipice on the other. The two were walking along not far from the edge of this precipice when the Englishman, thinking that an easier path might be made by going still nearer the edge, diverged a little from his companion's track. To his surprise, the guide immediately caught hold of him and pulled him back with more vigor than ceremony, well nigh throwing him down in the operation. Wrathful and not disinclined to return the compliment, the Englishman remonstrated. The guide's only answer was to point to a small crack, apparently like scores of other cracks in the snow, which ran for some distance parallel to the edge of the precipice.

The traveler was not satisfied, but he was too wise a man to argue while a desired summit was still some distance above him. On the descent when the scene of the morning's incident was reached the guide pointed to the crack, which had grown perceptibly wider.

"This marks," he said, "the place where the true snow field ends. I feel certain that the ice from here to the edge is nothing but an unsupported cornice hanging over the tremendous precipice below. It might possibly have borne your weight, though I don't think it would. Therefore when I struck the neve on the farther side of the ice sharply with my ax, a huge mass immediately broke away and went roaring down the cliff."

The traveler was full of amazement and admiration and thought how there, on an easy mountain and in smiling weather, he had been very near to making himself into an avalanche.

For cracked hands, chapped lips, and rough skin, Pinealve is the pleasant, quickest, best cure. One application in one night proves it. Sold by H. F. Vortkamp, druggist.

Old Zeb White

The Well Known Possum Hunter Tells a Bear Story.

"AS to varmints," said old Zeb White one evening as he roasted chestnuts over the flickery fire. "I think the bear ahead of all other sorts. He may not look so mighty cute, but when you come to find out about a bear he's got no fun in him than a monkey. There's heaps o' times when he'd rather have a lark than a foot, and you've allus got to pitch inter him fust to make a row."

The old man was asked to relate some instances of bear hunting, and, getting a coal for his pipe, he said:

"When I built my fust pizen year, I knowed that bears would be around arter the hawks, and so I aimed to make it bear proof. It was a mighty



"I WAS SKIPPIN' AHEAD O' THE CRITTER."

stout pen, with a powerful doah to it, but I hadn't had a hawk in that month a week befo' a bear took him out. Jest clawed that doah open sunbow and went off with the hawk befo' I could git outer bed."

"When I put a second hawk in that I didn't dun leave no doah at all, but made the pen all logs. That was also logs on the roof, with dirt on top o' the logs, but that same old bear cum along agin and went through the roof and got the hawk. He jest tumbled them logs around as if they was sticks. I got a third hawk, and as I reckoned how the bear would work I set two traps on the roof of the pen. He couldn't do no fustlin' around up there without bein' cotched."

"And so you got him?" was asked.

"And so I didn't, sah," smiled Zeb as he put more chestnuts on to roast. "The fust night I had them traps set the bear cum down and walked all around fur an hour or two, as his tracks proved. I was sartin he'd either got to give up hawk meat or be cotched, and fur two or three days and nights I was powerful pleased. At sundown one evenin' the old woman got sight o' the critter out by that chestnut tree. He set up and looked at her and cocked his eye and grinned, and when he was gone she says to me: 'Zeb White, is that any fun in a bear?'"

"Never heard as there was," says I.

"And what about it?"

"Kase that old bear is gwine to play us some trick as snail's yo' h'n. He was grinnin' as reglar as a human bein', and I could almost hear him chuckle."

"I didn't pay much attention to her words," explained Zeb, "but that was what I missed it. What d'ye reckon that bear did that night? I'd shot him out by the door, and he knowed that was danger on the roof, but he'd planned a way to git that hawk, and that's what he was grinnin' about."

"That night he dug under the logs and got his pork, and he left a hole as big as a barrel where he went in and cum out. I've allus reckoned that when he got up into the thickets with his meat he laughed fur an hour at the easy way he had beat me. Arter that I went out o' hawks, knowin' I had no chance agin sich smartness."

"Then that was the case o' that bear who used to have a den about a mile west o' this. In his goin' and cumin' he made a reglar path, same as sheep. I set a spring gun on the path and felt purty snub of my game, but he walked around the gun. Then I set a big trap and kivered it all up, but he jumped over it. Then I laid out fur two bull nights to git a shot at him with my rifle, but he went meanderin' some other way. I was powerful mad when I went home, and the old woman sees it and says:

"It's no use, Zeb. That that bear has got fun in him, and he's laughin' at yo'. He's probably a brother o' the one who got out hawks. Better jest let him go and save yo' temper."

"But I wouldn't do it," said the old man. "I made up my mind I'd have the best of that varmint befo' I got through. Next day I took the spade, and at a proper place on the path I dug a pit long 'nuff and deep 'nuff to hold an ox; took me two days to do it, and when it was finished I kivered it over with sticks and leaves and dirt, and, upon my soul, nobody could tell that I'd bin diggin'. I was dead snub that old bear would cum along and go plunk to the bottom o' the pit, and between my back ache and thinkin' o' him I didn't sleep much that night."

"Jest as soon as I could eat breakfast I was off, but when I got to the pit it was the same as when I had left it. That made me b'lin' mad, and I started up the path to the cave to rout the varmint out. I wasn't keepin' the lookout I should have been, and all o' a sudden the critter jumped out on me. I was so skeert that I dropped my rifle and turned and run, and he followed close behind."

"And you outran him, of course?" was asked as the old man paused and looked sleepily.

"I was skippin' ahead o' the critter,"

he slowly replied. "When I cum to that pit, befo' the lawd, but I was so rattled I dun forgot all about it, and the fust thing I knowed I broke through. The fall nigh broke my neck, and maybe it was ten minits befo' I knowed what I was."

"Then I looked up, to find that old bear lookin' down, and if he wasn't reglarly laughin' then may I never eat another yam. Why, sah, his sides was shakin', and when I realized how he must feel I almost laughed with him."

"He hung around fur half an hour, smilin' and chucklin', and then disappeared, and it was an hour later when I got out o' the pit and got home. I was the maddest man in all this world, but I had to make the best of it. That bear had got the joke on me, and I knowed he was bound to cum out ahead every time."

"And you have other instances?"

"Well, sah, I might tell yo' about the bear who hid in the cabin yere about five years ago."

"The varmint had bin hangin' around the place fur two or three months, but I couldn't never git a shot at him, nor would he put his foot into a trap. He was jest full o' tricks, and two or three times when I was sittin' on the steps and my rifle wasn't handy he'd show up and cock his eye and put on a grin."

"I tried to pizen him, but he left the meat fur the foxes. I got dawgs arter him, but he only played with 'em. I had seven traps set around the house one night, but the varmint cum and tipped over the rain bar'l and got away all right. One day the old woman went visitin', and six men o' us got together and beat up the woods fur that bear. We sighted him twice and then lost him, and when night cum we had to give it up. Me and the old woman was talkin' about it at supper, and I says:

"I've started in fur bear, and I'll have that critter if I have to hunt the hull state over."

"No use," says she. "All his actions go to show that he's a funny bear, and he'll be suah to cum out top o' the heap."

"Arter supper I went around back o' the cabin to tinkers a hoop on a bark, and the old woman got down on the doahstep with her pipe. Purty soon she gin an awful yell, and as I looked around she was rumblin' head over heels. Befo' the lawd, sah, if that old bear wasn't standin' right in the doah, grinnin' and chucklin', and it was all of three minits befo' he took a stroll fur the woods and stepped off as cool and calm as yo' please."

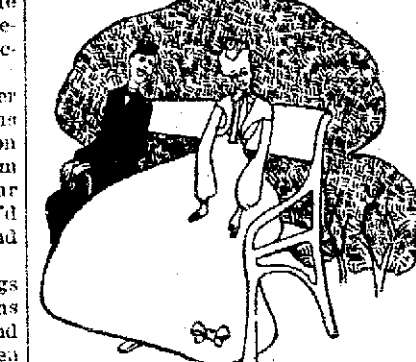
"But how did he come to be in the doorway?" was asked.

"Why, sah, when we was huntin' him on the mountains he jest walked into the house, the old woman bein' out, and got under the bed and didn't cum out till he got good and ready. The fust thing the old woman knowed o' him was when he touched the back o' her neck with his cold nose. Yes, sah, he hid in this cabin fur above three hours, and then skeert the old woman and hunched at me, and drat my hide if he didn't make me a laughin' stock all over the country."

"I'm sayin' and contendin' that bears are chuck full o' fun, and I'm almost believin' that if they had proper company fur six months yo'd hear 'em tellin' jokes to each other and laughin' like human beins'."

M. QUAD.

Ungrammatical, but Sincere.



"And don't you think you could learn to love me?"

"I—I—don't know."

"If you could learn to love me I should love to learn you too."—Chicago Tribune.

Curtain Lecture Interrupted.

Bixby was passing Johnson's house the other morning at 2 a. m. and saw him walking the baby to sleep. Do you know, he actually seemed to be enjoying it.

Long—That must have been the night he came home late and couldn't explain matters to his wife.—Philadelphia Call.

A Definition.

Little Clarence—Pa, what is an optimist?

Mr. Callipers—An optimist, my son, is a person who doesn't care what happens if it doesn't happen to him.—Puck.

Procrastination.

Procrastination's not a thief. Some great poet wrote. He does not hit you on the head. Or grab you by the throat. He's rather like the lunko man. With winsome smile and hand. Who asks you how your people are And shakes you by the hand.

He has a mild and soothing way That takes you off your guard, But at last he lets you drop— The bump is very hard. Gold bricks and green goods are well known.

Here and in distant climes, But old procrastination gets The best of us sometimes. —Washington Star.

Driven to Desperation.

Living at an out of the way place, remote from civilization, a family is often driven to desperation in case of accident, resulting in burns, cuts, wounds, etc., etc. I am in a supply of Bucklin's Arnica Salve. It's the best on earth. 25c. at H. F. Vortkamp's drug store, corner of Main and North streets.

FANCY UMBRELLAS \$1.00 UP, AT MORRIS BROS. 6-3f

No Case of Pneumonia on Record

There is no case on record of a cold resulting in Pneumonia, or other serious lung trouble, after

FOLEY'S HONEY and TAR

had been taken.

It stops the cough and heals the lungs and prevents serious results from a cold.

Do not take chances on a cold wearing away or experiment with some unknown preparation that costs you the same as Foley's Honey and Tar.

Remember the name and get the genuine.

A Severe Cold for Three Months.

The following letter from A. J. Nussbaum, of Batesville, Ind., tells its own story: "I suffered for three months with a severe cold. A druggist prepared me some medicine, and a physician prescribed for me, yet I did not improve. I then tried Foley's Honey and Tar, and eight doses cured me."

Three sizes—25c, 50c, \$1.00. The 50 cent size contains two and one-half times as much as the small size and the \$1.00 bottle almost six times as much.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY W. M. MELVILLE, MAIN AND HIGH STREETS, AND H. F. VORTKAMP, MAIN AND NORTH STREETS.

XMAS AND NEW YEARS HOLIDAY RATES VIA DETROIT SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

Detroit Southern agents will sell excursion tickets to all points within a distance of 150 miles of selling station at fare and one-third round trip. Tickets on sale December 24, 25, 26 and 31, also January 1 and 2. Final return limit January 4, 1905.

For full particulars see Detroit Southern agents or address F. G. GOWING,

Act'g, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich.

Boy's Life Saved From Membranous Croup.

"My little boy had a severe attack of membranous croup, and only got relief after taking Foley's Honey and Tar," says C. W. Lynch, a prominent citizen of Winchester, Ind. "He got relief after one dose, and I feel that it saved the life of the boy." Don't be imposed upon by substitutes offered for Foley's Honey and Tar. Sold by H. F. Vortkamp and Wm. Melville.

Holiday Excursions via Pennsylvania Lines.

December 24th, 25th, 26th and 31st January 1st and 2nd, are the dates on which excursion tickets may be obtained at Pennsylvania Lines ticket offices for Christmas and New Year holiday trips. For full particulars call on local ticket agent of Pennsylvania Lines. 51-dec-31

Ordinary household accidents have no terrors when there's a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the medicine chest. Heals burns, cuts, bruises, sprains. Instant relief.

FINEST OF CLEAR HAVANA CIGARS IN ALL SIZE BOXES AT THE LIMA HOUSE CIGAR STAND. 1-3f

Toilet sets at Green's.

We have special finished sewing machines for the holiday trade.

HAWESHER BROS.,
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Stomach trouble makes more physical wrecks than any other disease. Chlorocephoid is the best protection against stomach trouble.

Delivered on short notice by the South Lima Handle Works. Large loads and right prices. Telephone No. 91. 50-1f

When you want a pleasant laxative take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by all druggists.

THE "WATCH" "WORD" IS

Macdonald Jewellery Co.

A Christmas Watch of Our Quality the / Him.
Most Satisfactory Gift You Can Give / Her.

We are showing a very large assortment of SATISFACTORY Watches at prices that attract every purse.

SOLID GOLD.
Gentlemen's Watches... \$25 to \$75
Ladies' " " " " 15 to 50

GOLD FILLED.
Gentlemen's Watches... \$10 to \$40
Ladies' " " " " 5 to 25
Boys' " " " " 5 to 12
Girls' " " " " 5 to 12

The largest assortment ever in Lima. Every watch is fully guaranteed. Pay us \$1 down and \$1 a week. Hundreds do. Why not you?

Macdonald Jewellery Co.,
135 N. Main.

A Little With the Rest.

We've got to do a little while the rest's "doing much"—and you can bet your loose change you will see as large assortment of China Salads with us, and at interesting prices as elsewhere. And when it comes to Cups and Saucers "you want to hush." Pardon us for asking you to see those Austrian Vases. Latest out and the prices within reach of all. We simply could never wait on the people if we give out the prices on those Jardinieres that we just opened up. And the Umbrella Stands that came in with the jardinieres. You had better see them and get the prices. Remember we do a little in this line along with the rest.

LIMA TEA CO.

21 Public Square.

We Extend to All Our PATRONS

A MERRY XMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Lima Chattel Loan Co.,

209 Opera House Block.

Perfumes, Sachets, Toilet Water and FINE SOAPS.

Perfumes in beautiful holiday "attire." Elegant bottles in exquisite cases; all sizes and prices to suit all givers.

Perfume in Plain Bottles and Perfumes in Bulk.

We have paid special attention to this line of goods and our reputation is sure to be enhanced by this year's showing.

H. F. VORTKAMP,

N. E. Corner Main and North

All Chronic Cases Come to Us.

MEN—We treat all Chronic, Nervous, Blood, Pelvic Diseases; also, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Hydrocele, Varicocele, Pimples, Black Heads, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, etc.

Delays are fatal. Consult us at once. Consultation Free to All. OFFICE HOURS—From 9 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sunday, 9 a. m. to 12.

DR. PAYTON & CO., Specialists

Opp. Court House. Metropolitan Block. LIMA, O.

The Times-Democrat Wishes Its Many Thousand Readers a Merry Xmas.

The Christmas Carol

THE Christmas Carol is a feature of the season. It is a story of a man who was a miser and a miser's son who was a miser's son. The story is told in a way that is both interesting and instructive. It is a story that is full of life and interest. It is a story that is full of life and interest.

God rest you every one, go with a good will,
That some good friend, with a good will,
May bring you good news, and may bring you good news,
For the day is near, and the day is near,
For the day is near, and the day is near.

Curiously enough, Carol singing at Christmas time came in part from heathendom. The Anglo-Saxon Gule or Yule, was an ancient pagan festival which in the wisdom of the early, this ceremony was retained with a new significance when Britain was Christianized. The seasons merry-making then had its influence upon the carols which developed into two classes, one of joyous expressions of the Saviour's birth and the other singing of wassail.

Though carols are said to have been sung in the primitive church, the earliest extant is of the thirteenth century. Its manuscript is now in the



THE "WATTS," ENGLISH CAROL SINGERS. British museum. It is written in Anglo-Norman, and the first stanza, freely translated, is as follows:

Now, lordings, listen to us, ditto,
Strangers coming from afar,
Let poor minstrels move your pity;
Give us welcome, moone our care;
In this manner, as they tell us,
Christmas wassail here to us,
As, as the king of all good fellows,
Rejoins with uncontrolled sway.

chorus
Hail, Father Christmas, hail to thee,
Honored ever shall thou be;
All the sweetest that love bestows,
E'er desire pleasures writ on those
Who like vessels brass and true,
Give to Christmas homage due.

A modernized form of their carol was used at Oxford up to a recent time. Another carol which was sung at the beginning of the sixteenth century and which shows a true religious feeling is this:

When Carvel was born of Mary free,
In Bethlehem, in that isure cove,
Angels sang to him with mirth and gle,
In Exultis Gloria.

Hardmen beheld these angels bright,
To him open'd his eyes and light,
And said: "God's son is born this right -
In Exultis Gloria.

They's keep us comyn to save (man) kynde,
As we 4-sutures we fynde,
Therefore this song have we in mynde,
In Exultis Gloria.

Then, Lord, for thy great grace,
To come us the day so to this face,
Where we may sing to thy solas,
In Exultis Gloria.

Among the many carols of later date are many of exquisite beauty - "Nimble Tare's" "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," "Isaac Watts' "Joy to the World, the Lord Is Come," Charles Wesley's "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" and Phillips Brooks' "On Little Town of Bethlehem." Of no other are these Christmas verses of Robert Herrick, the quiet old English poet.

"Till us thou art and heavenly tongue,
Where is the babe that lately sprung?
Lies the little babe among?"

Or thus in a hymn of our times, "Spangled with dew light" "Thou canst not see
All doubts a man feel the where

Believe to us light at it we shall seek
Him in the morning's bright light
For he is the babe of the light
For he is the babe of the light

MILTON W. BRADLEY.

When Christmas Comes on Sunday

By LOUIS E. THAYER

Copyright, 1904, by Louis E. Thayer.
TO us little fellows, Christmas is mighty different from any other time that is in the world. Cause you see, it's a day when you can't sleep a sound on the bed.

And you've got to get up when you speak.

If you don't, your papa is sure to scold you. And call you bad and selfish and bossy.

For Sunday days were made for thought and worship.

But they wasn't made for romping and for noise.

AND to think that Christmas day's so nice on Sundays!

Why, sometimes, seems it didn't ever be, 'Cause where's the good when you can't laugh and play?

Say, it's pretty hard on little chaps like me. And it's a teller just targets the quiet.

And bubbles out a little, who's to blame?

It's pretty hard when Christmas comes on Sunday.

For I know the day will never seem the same.

I KNOW just how 'twill be when, in the morning, I find my stocking filled with toys.

I seem to hear my father say, "Well, Johnny, you may look at them, but don't make any noise."

And ma, perhaps, will bring me out a trumpet.

And say, "Well, Johnny, it is Sunday now, you know."

Say, it's pretty hard a-waiting for tomorrow.

What good's a trumpet that you dassen't blow?

I WISH they'd print the calendars all over And make our Christmas come some other day.

Jes' so us little chaps can have some freedom. And romp and shout and whistle at our play.

There's lots of things that ain't just as they should be.

And 'cause they ain't it seems to me a shame. It's pretty hard when Christmas comes on Sunday.

For I know the day will never seem the same.

TELL you what, the day will jes' blow over, And we won't hardly know that it's been here.

Christmas eve will be about the only Christmas That we will have a chance to know this year.

Another thing that makes the whole thing harder Is that we have a Sunday every week.

While we've to go and have our only Christmas When we almost have to whisper as we speak.

Now, lordings, listen to us, ditto,
Strangers coming from afar,
Let poor minstrels move your pity;
Give us welcome, moone our care;
In this manner, as they tell us,
Christmas wassail here to us,
As, as the king of all good fellows,
Rejoins with uncontrolled sway.

chorus
Hail, Father Christmas, hail to thee,
Honored ever shall thou be;
All the sweetest that love bestows,
E'er desire pleasures writ on those
Who like vessels brass and true,
Give to Christmas homage due.

A modernized form of their carol was used at Oxford up to a recent time. Another carol which was sung at the beginning of the sixteenth century and which shows a true religious feeling is this:

When Carvel was born of Mary free,
In Bethlehem, in that isure cove,
Angels sang to him with mirth and gle,
In Exultis Gloria.

Hardmen beheld these angels bright,
To him open'd his eyes and light,
And said: "God's son is born this right -
In Exultis Gloria.

They's keep us comyn to save (man) kynde,
As we 4-sutures we fynde,
Therefore this song have we in mynde,
In Exultis Gloria.

Then, Lord, for thy great grace,
To come us the day so to this face,
Where we may sing to thy solas,
In Exultis Gloria.

Among the many carols of later date are many of exquisite beauty - "Nimble Tare's" "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," "Isaac Watts' "Joy to the World, the Lord Is Come," Charles Wesley's "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" and Phillips Brooks' "On Little Town of Bethlehem." Of no other are these Christmas verses of Robert Herrick, the quiet old English poet.

"Till us thou art and heavenly tongue,
Where is the babe that lately sprung?
Lies the little babe among?"

Or thus in a hymn of our times, "Spangled with dew light" "Thou canst not see
All doubts a man feel the where

Believe to us light at it we shall seek
Him in the morning's bright light
For he is the babe of the light
For he is the babe of the light

MILTON W. BRADLEY.

Now, if a little fellow don't remember And laughs out loud and hollers jes' a bit, And if his feet get running as they oughtn't, Say, who should scold and threaten him for it?

Jes' make believe that you are young and little - Say, have you got the heart for words of blame?

It's pretty hard when Christmas comes on Sunday.

For I know the day will never seem the same.

Christmas Twice a Year.

Midwestern is probably the only place in the world where Christmas is celebrated twice a year and where there are also two New Year's days.

Since the influx of missionaries the queen issued an edict that the Christmas year should be followed. But in commencing the year the date of the first day was set some time in October or November. Since the natives have been converted to the Christian religion they observe Christmas on the 25th of their own December, but also have made a holiday out of the day in their year which corresponds to our Christmas.

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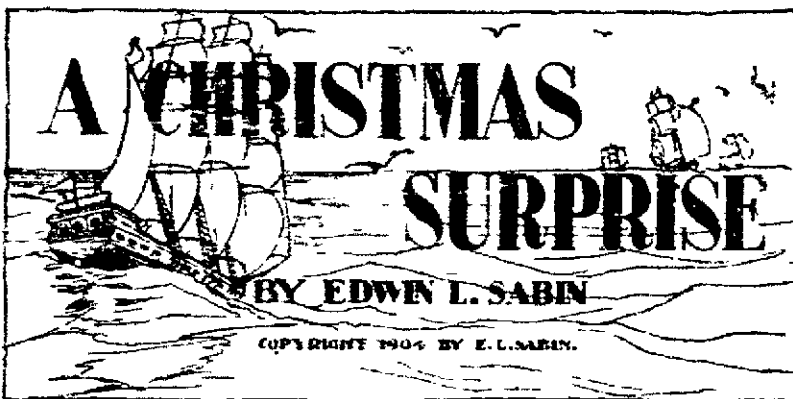
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IT was the dawn of Christmas day, 1812, and over the blue Atlantic, under the warm skies of the Tropics of Cancer, was shipping belly along with scarce steerage way, the private schooner Governor Tompkins, four-ton guns of New York. Onboard and crew were happy. Fortune had been favoring them. Since leaving port a fortnight in July, some three weeks after the declaration of war against England, they had taken a number of British vessels and had suffered but slight injury. The crew, save those on watch, were asleep, dreaming of sweethearts ashore and plum duff at sea, when from the lookout at the masthead the cry of "Sail, ho!" roused man and vessel to action. Up from the cabin bolted the officers, up from the fore-cabin tumbled the sailors and at the same moment up from the horizon popped the sun (which is the way he is at rising in the tropics), disclosing plain ahead three ships. This might have been a day of "peace on earth," but it was not a day of peace on the ocean, not for the Governor Tompkins. She shook out all her canvas, and with the English flag flying as a bit of deception she started in pursuit.

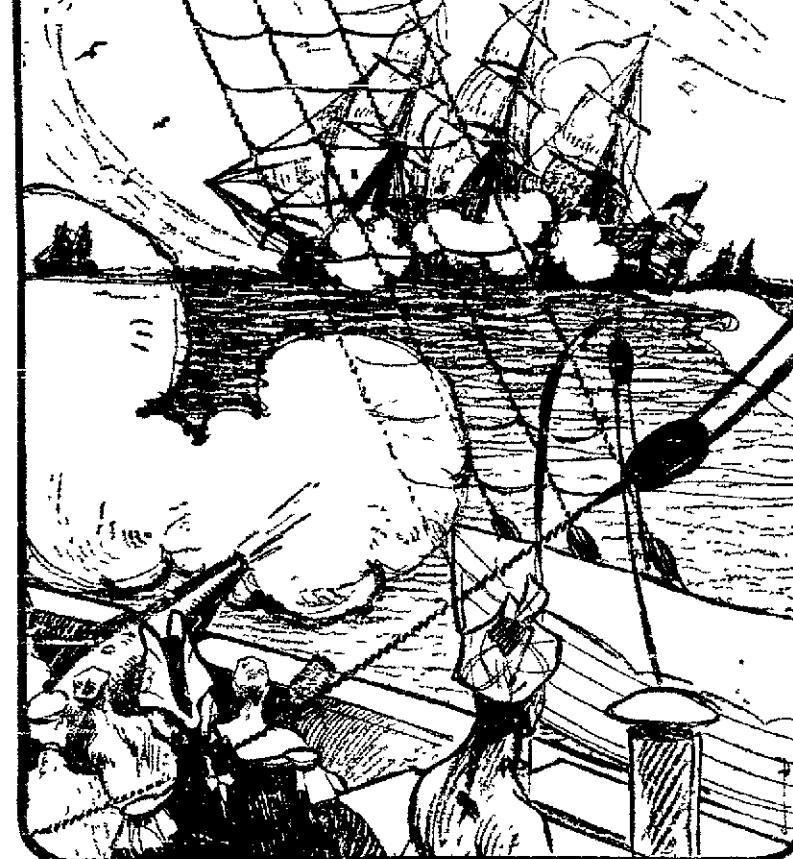
The wind was very light. The chase was a tedious one. It lasted from dawn until 3 in the afternoon. Slowly nearer and nearer drew the Governor Tompkins, but so slowly that plum duff appetites must have been spoiled by exasperation and impatience. The largest of the ships appeared to be a good sized transport vessel and vision of the space perhaps aboard her filled the minds of the folk upon the privateer. The two other craft were merchantmen. The three vessels would make a fine Christmas gift, and added to prizes gone before, would enable the Governor Tompkins to speed home rejoicing.

Still, as the privateer little by little cut down the distance, her people began to be not so confident. The transport looked so much bigger than they had pictured her at first. Captain Nathaniel Shaler held his long brass telescope trained upon her and there was that in her which puzzled him. Her ports seemed to be painted like those of a merchantman, and on her deck was what might be a merchantman's boat, but nettles to repel boarders extended from her sides up almost to her topmasts and this was a suspicious feature.

"I'm afraid she's a bit too heavy for us," announced Captain Shaler doubtfully to his officers. "Mr. Lannum, go for a and see what you make of her." So Mr. Lannum, first lieutenant, went toward the bows to take a squint at her, and then, even before he had his glass to his eye, like a dose of magic, down swept a furious squall!

The signal struck the schooner first, and ere her light sail could be taken in—age in Captain Shaler's own words. Almost before I could turn round—she had been rushed onward faster than to her liking, and found herself under the guns not of a transport but of a frigate, waiting for her.

Captain Shaler was a Yankee skipper, and he did the best he could. The



squall gave him and his all that they could attend to for a few minutes. To attempt to tack in such a blow was hazardous. If it did not wreck the schooner it would at least expose her to fire that would take her from stern to stern, therefore he turned his sails, discarded the English flag and hoisted three American ensigns, and standing right on parallel with the frigate, gallantly opened with his broadside. The Britisher, having, as he thought, the Yankee privateer in a box, replied with the very worst intentions in the world. His first round was a scorcher. A twenty-four pound ball struck John Johnson, a negro seaman in the hip and cut away all the lower part of his body. But as he lay dying on the deck he exclaimed several times to his shipmates: "Fire away my boys! No haul color now!"

Another twenty-four pounder similarly mangled John Davis, also a negro. He fell near Captain Shaler and, deeming himself now useless and in the way, begged to be thrown overboard. Other shot from the same broadside wounded First Lieutenant John Lannum and seamen James Dougherty, John Parker and John Summhall slightly. Thomas Loveland severely and Thomas Davis so badly that he soon afterward died. This same broadside exploded an ammunition box containing two powder cartridges for a nine pounder gun. The cartridge ignited three other boxes holding a quantity of the quill like cannon primers, and these promptly flashed up so vividly that they forced sparks through a crack in the wooden cap which fitted over the stairway to close it.

Luckily for the Governor Tompkins the cabin floor had been drenched and a fire screen in the shape of a wet blanket had been hung before the magazine hatch so as to serve in just such an emergency as this. The sparks sizzled in vain and expired. Half an hour had passed since the squall had arisen so opportunely for the Governor Tompkins, but so opportunely for the frigate. The two vessels were running side by side, the privateer spitting with her lighter guns and the man-of-war hammering away with heavier.

The Governor Tompkins was swift, and Captain Shaler had hoped that in the course of a few broadsides she would draw ahead and out of the center of danger. But this time the Governor Tompkins had almost met her match at sailing. The frigate was nearly as fast as she.

Instead of spurring ahead the good schooner only gradually—ah, how gradually—progressed from a little ahead the frigate's beam to opposite her bows, and during all this process the solid shot from the frigate's guns were being pelted at her round after round. The British tars were not reticent marksmen. They did not live up to the reputation of their first broadside. Not a bill after that touched the schooner's hull. She dashed on practically unscathed. Farther and farther she forged beyond the frigate's bows. Leader guns could be brought to bear upon her. A long half hour and the British shot began to fall short. The Governor Tompkins' men breathed easier. Then the frigate was disabled, leaving them well nigh becalmed, while the frigate kept coming on.

Her shot again reached their vicinity. The privateersmen hastily put out their sweeps and in desperation all hands pushed and tugged at the great unwieldy craft. A detail was ordered to throw overboard whatever stuff could be spared from the deck, and passing up shot from the hold, they buried that, too, over the side. Plunging it into the sea until 2,000 pounds had been thrown overboard. The schooner began to gain on her pursuer, another half hour and the enemy's masts were more full short. Twenty-five minutes and he gave up and abandoned the chase.

The privateer proceeded to bury her dead and to clean decks. She was a better bet for us believe a wiser schooner. Thereafter she kept her weather eye on the disabled frigate, but with bounding feelings stretched

After feeding the castaways with the best they had the willing natives, at their king's command brought gold and silver to the Spaniards. A week later, on New Year's day, Columbus gave a return banquet to the Indians king, and then, having built a fort with the aid of the natives, and left there a garrison to hold it against his return he and the greater part of his men boarded the Nina and sailed away.

What a beautiful day! Of the almost prehistoric past! It is sad that history

Thus it came about that Columbus, perforce, celebrated the first Christmas ever observed in the new world as the guest of an Indian king. Guacanagari received the Spaniards with the deepest sympathy, even shedding tears over their misfortunes and placing all his possessions at their disposal. He ordered prepared a great feast of native roots, cassava bread, maize, fish from the sea and game from the woods and so generously entertained them that for the day they forgot they were 2,000 miles from home.

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America's First Christmas Day

By A. W. FERRIN

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ON Christmas eve four centuries and twelve years ago the flag-ship of the great Admiral Christopher Columbus was wrecked off the coast of Haiti after two months of sailing through the beautiful channels of those West Indian islands which the explorer thought of the pickets of Ciprogo the country of the great Khan, of which the travelers of Venice had told the glowing tales which led the little fleet of caravels on its eventful voyage. Only four or five miles away lay the court of King Guacanagari, the Indian potentate whose messengers had welcomed Columbus with precious gifts and whom the admiral believed could be none other than the Khan himself.

Near midnight, weary with watching, Columbus had retired to his cabin, cautioning his men to keep a careful lookout. But the men, too, were tired with constant vigils, and they fell asleep, leaving the helm to the charge of a boy.

The winds were halcyon zephyrs, laden with the sweet odors of the tropical forest, and there was no intimation of impending danger. All at once the treacherous current, which has since wrecked many a gallant ship, forced the Santa Maria upon a reef, and there she struck, to the terror of the youthful helmsman and the suddenly awakened crew.

The admiral, feeling the shock, rushed to the deck, but too late. The damage was done. The Nina, the smallest vessel of the fleet, came to the assistance of the flag-ship, but could not pull her off.

There was nothing left but an appeal to the savage monarch at Guacanagari. Guacanagari sent out a flotilla of canoes, and so zealous and industrious were his Indian subjects that every article on the ill-fated ship was soon carried ashore, the vessel itself dismantled and the wreckage carried to Guacanagari.

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His Christmas Luck

By A. W. FERRIN

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WORDS were plodding along over a country highway, and he shivered as the icy blast whirled the snowflakes about his head.

"Shall I hang up my stocking on Christmas eve as in the days of yore," he mused as he bent his head to the blast, "or shall I try to forget it? I was ever rich and happy and had a loving family about me? Tens of thousands of stockings will hang in the chimney corners, and tens of thousands of people will be made happy, but as for me?"

A lump gathered in his throat and tears in his eyes, and the toes peeping out of one of his shoes took on a deeper red. It was only three days to Christmas. The farmers were marking down the fattest turkeys, geese and pigs to be killed for the festive occasion, and farmers' wives were making pumpkin pies and cranberry sauce and summing up their thought of the gifts they had hidden away.